a little party never hurt no one

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a little party never hurt no one

by lessthansweet

Summary

“No.” Albarn pushes himself forward, blowing smoke to the narrow space between them. He still has that dopey smile on his face and Liam starts wondering if the smack is really that good, if he should try a proper dose to see what’s the deal about. “People might think we shagged.”

a little party never hurts no one

Chapter Notes

check out this wonderful fanart made by eskimokiddo! :)

Liam's shitfaced, as usual, and Noel's pissed off. Pissed off as in *pissed off*; that kind of pissed that makes him mean and ugly and Liam just isn't in the mood to fight his brother right now. He ditched Noel and spent the party gratifying from crowds to crowds, chain-smoking and making troubles until the itch kicks in. He needs a fix; either because he really need it or he just want to forget about Noel undoubtedly unleashing hell on him the second they leave the party. Not that he wants to think much about it. Liam pushes away the bird hanging off his arm and sneaks off to find some dirty toilet lids to snort a line or two.

He finds Albarn shooting up instead.

The blur twat's slumped against the smoke-stained stall wall, eyes closed and skin pale under the shitty fluorescent light. His needle and whatnots still scatter around him. Liam watches him in silence for few moments, drunkenly wondering whether he's dead or alive and is somehow relieved when Albarn shifts. He blinks his eyes open, blearily glancing around until their eyes meet. Albarn smiles dazedly at him instead of grimacing and that's how Liam knows he is high off his mind.

"Well, aren't you a doll to look at?" He sneers, falling easily into his antagonistic role in this stupid feud they have going. "Come out, you bastard. I need a fix."

Albarn's stupid smile only widens. He raises one perfectly arched eyebrow like he's daring Liam to kick him out of the stall. "Find your own goddamn stall."

So he's feisty when he's high. Liam rolls his eyes, knowing well that it's what he should be doing because there is no way he's bothered to drag Albarn out kicking and screaming just for the sake of being petty. He's never one to back down though, so he puts his cigarette back to his lips and invites himself into the narrow stall Albarn already occupied, kicking his sprawled legs as he goes. "Move over."

He does.

Liam kneels in front of the toilet seat, feeling the other man's bony knee digs into one of his calves. Albarn watches him closely—strangely interested—until Liam can feel his gaze burning the side of his face. His hands shake a little as he divides the white powder into two neat lines and Liam wonders if it should make him worry, if he's in too deep with the so-called rock and roll scene. But then he thinks, *oh fuck it,* and Albarn makes a sound.

"What?"

He raises his hand, index and middle fingers pointed. Liam gets it somehow, passing his half-smoked cigarette to the older singer and watching as Albarn wraps his lips around the butt. He's aware of the fact that he's *staring* but there is something mesmerizing in the way Albarn takes a long inhale and lets the smoke rest in his chest. Eyes closed, lips parted just enough for the smoke to rush out of his lungs. It kind of feels like a kiss, Liam muses. A strange feeling brews in his chest but then he bends down to snort the waiting lines and whatever it is, it vanishes.

"Y'know," Albarn says while Liam straightens himself, waiting for the crack to kick in. "We'd be in trouble if people find out."

"Says the cunt who let the door open for the world to see."

"No." Albarn pushes himself forward, blowing smoke to the narrow space between them. He still has that dopey smile on his face and Liam starts wondering if the smack really is that good, if he should try a proper dose to see what the deal is about. "People might think we've shagged."

It catches him off guard. Liam sits back against the opposite wall, taking his time to respond. Sober, he would be all up in Albarn's face the moment those words left his mouth. But he's not and the crack is starting to kick in, leaving his chest lighter and his tongue smarter. "Wouldn't surprise them to see you into lads."

"—might mistake you for a bird, though." Albarn continues and the corners of Liam's mouth are pulled into a grin. He immediately wants to slap himself after that. It's the drugs, ain't it, and the booze and Albarn looking well-fucked in front of him with his messy hair and well-bitten lips.

"Fuck off." He spits instead, easily mixing irritation into his voice.

“—‘m not a bird.”

“Pretty enough to be one.” Albarn retorts, eyes heavy on Liam's lips. The words hang on the air for a bit before either of them can comprehend what was just being said. Then Albarn snaps his mouth shut and the kicked puppy look is back on his face. Either the realization of what he just said slapped him on the face or Liam’s glare is enough to push those smacks out of his bloodstream.

Liam thinks of punching him but he’s feeling so good and he wants to talk, wants to run someone’s ear off and Albarn is the only person in his sight right now. “You ever walk past a fucking mirror, mate? You’d make a grown man blushes.”

Albarn has this strange expression on his face that Liam’s too drunk to understand. “Do I?”

“What?”

“Make you blush.”

Liam quiets down, stares at him. He knows Albarn’s pretty, everybody knows that. The twat knows that, what with all those girlish gestures and eyelash batting he’s done on stage. A fucking tease, that’s what he is. Liam scratches his nose, blinks slowly; suddenly he feels unsure, confused, but the next thing he knows is him pushing himself to his knee in front of Albarn. The drug must have fucked him up, made him lost his goddamn mind because when he plucks his own cigarette from Albarn’s lips and leans closer it feels like the right thing to do.

Albarn’s head hit the wall behind him with a thud. He gasps, more out of surprise rather than pain, and Liam takes advantage of that. His heart is racing, vision spinning even when he closes his eyes and Albarn grasps at his hair, pulling him closer, starts kissing back. He’s so warm like he’s burning with fever, and god, so pliant; lets Liam takes what he wants even when he doesn’t deserve it.

He tears a moan off Albarn’s throat when Liam starts kissing the column of his neck; the low sound goes straight to Liam’s cock. He has this vivid image of Albarn beneath him; neck bares in a display of submission, face twists between pain and pleasure. The image is almost too much and Liam pulls back to sit back on his side of the stall, their legs intertwining.

He’s half-hard. His only saving grace is that his clothes are two sizes too big for his body. Albarn stares at him; dazed, out of breath, and

Liam has to look away. He has color on his face now, lips even redder and Liam feels his own face heats up.

“—now what?” He asks like Liam has any idea himself.

He could just laugh it off, a thought comes to him, calls him cruel names, and leave. Spin a funny little story by the time Noel starts yelling at him so he’d forget about Liam fucking up and they can be on the same side again. But Liam can’t do it, doesn’t even want to think about his brother.

He shrugs. “You wanna get out of here?”

Albarn opens his mouth, then closes it again, contemplating. “You’ve got a place?”

“Sure.” He doesn’t even remember the name of the hotel they’re staying at. He can find one, though. “Can you walk or do I need to carry you?”

“Watch your mouth, brat.” Albarn laughs and swats Liam’s hand away. That’s the earnest laugh Liam has seen all night.

Maybe he is kind of smitten.

damn my situation (and the games we have to play)

Chapter Summary

> Now that he's coming down a bit, Damon doesn't have the excuse of being high for the almost tender look he has going. If he keeps looking at him like that Liam might do something stupid; like thinking that the twat is genuinely fond of him.

Chapter Notes

> do i actually have to do an essay instead of writing this? i do.

"Nice room," Albarn says, leaning against the handrail and vaguely turns his head towards the room behind them. The way he said it makes it clear that it was only for the polite chit-chat, to break the ice or whatever it is that people are saying. Liam had thought they'd be going at it as soon as the door closed but instead they just fucked around on the balcony, ransacking the mini-bar and going through Liam's cigarettes like a pair of old mates catching up with each other. It's gone, isn't it, whatever possessed him to kiss Albarn and make him fucking *moan* at that, and now he needs to work it out from the start again.

They had magically managed to sneak out of the party without paparazzi chasing after their arse. *You know*, Liam had imagined himself saying if they were to be caught; *when I'm not giving a kick-ass performance or picking fights with you cunts I do enjoy shagging my rival.* But not even one of them shows up, so both of them just shuffling along like two inebriated penguins until they passed a random hotel and Liam thought *well this one looks just about right.*

"Shit's not mine." He shrugs, picking up his can only to realize that it's empty. He put it back, then turning to gesture around the room. "All the same, aren't they? A bed there, a desk there, a telly there that is fucking shitty anyway. You'd think they actually want it to get thrown off a window. We got fucking banned the last time we did that."

"Pity," Albarn says, his sarcasm doesn't lose to Liam.

“Try it.” He exhales at the same time Albarn does. For a moment he watches the smoke dancing together before dissipating into the cold air. “Maybe then your little band can keep up with us.”

Albarn is staring at him again, the way he did back in the stall when Liam was making neat little lines with a fake ID card he still kept for sentimental reasons. He doesn’t look annoyed after Liam insulting his band; in fact, he looks like the furthest thing away from being annoyed. Now that he’s coming down a bit, Damon doesn’t have the excuse of being high for the almost tender look he has going. If he keeps looking at him like that Liam might do something stupid; like thinking that the twat is genuinely fond of him.

He stares back, ruining the moment. Someone has to. “See something you like, Albarn?”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Rite. See something you like, *Damon*?”

Albarn—*Damon*, alright then—scoots closer, until the slight height difference between them becomes prominent and Liam has to look up a bit to keep the eye contact going. Damon is kind of looking at him through his lashes, like a bird making a move on him, Liam realizes. *Fucking tease*.

“Kiss me,” Damon whispers and it almost sounds like a challenge so Liam grabs the soft strands on the back of his head, dragging him to his height. Their breath intermingles, lips brushing against each other in a half-second pause of hesitation before Liam kisses him hard.

It doesn’t quite feel like the previous kiss, lacking the element of surprise that’s probably what makes the kiss alarmingly electrical. Damon responds immediately this time, tasting of tobacco and alcohol and it shouldn’t feel good but it does. Liam had kissed men before, lots of them, and he knows it’d feel different from kissing birds. Yet there is a glaring difference between doing it for a gag—for the scandalized look on people’s face—and doing it properly, trying to make it good for the other party. Damon’s hands come to rest on his hips; warm and heavy. Liam almost pushes him away, but he catches himself and bites down at his lower lip instead, tugging at it. Not too hard, just testing the water.

“Ow.” Damon pulls away a bit, still close enough that his warm breath

ghosts over Liam's face. "Wanker."

"Sorry, mate. Thought you could handle me being a tad rougher."

Something flashes in Damon's eyes; almost predatory, and Liam feels a chill runs down his spine at that. He likes that look on Damon, making him somehow different from the posh pretty boy he and Noel come to know and trash talk. It's gone as fast as it came, and Liam wonders if he'd ever see it again.

"Come on." He pushes him backward with the confidence he doesn't feel, towards the goddamn single bed Liam has been eyeing since the first time they stepped into the room. "Are we still going to fuck or are you satisfied by just snogging me?"

Damon actually laughs at that. Or he would have, but Liam pulls him down again for a kiss, teeth knocking, so Damon laughs into the kiss instead. How sweet it is, that he's laughing at jokes about himself rather than spitting insults and swinging fists. Liam gets that feeling again; that he is not supposed to do this, that he doesn't deserve how nice Damon is being toward him. This is why he should have done another fucking line; because even his head is turning against him.

But Damon is still grinning when he pulls away and Liam feels better. At least until the twat opens his mouth. "Get rid of the rags, then."

Rags. How fucking dare he. Liam tries to think of a comeback but Damon starts taking his shirt off and he's distracted by the sudden exposure of skin. He looks away before Damon notices because he knows the other man would just throw Liam's own words to his face. *See something you like?*

"You've done this before?"

Liam pulls his own t-shirt off, messing up his hair in the process. He shakes them off his eyes, looking up at the other man. "What?"

Damon sits on the bed, only in his boxer. "You've fucked a man before?"

Well, no, but Liam would never tell him that. He figures it wouldn't be too different from fucking a bird anally, technically at least. He kicks his jeans off and makes his way toward Damon, taking a hold of his chin; making him looking up to meet his eyes. "Wouldn't you like to know."

“You’re a cunt, you know that?” Damon says but there is no heat in his voice and those eyes flutter shut as Liam scratches his nails on smooth-shaven skin. “You and the rest of your bunch.”

Liam runs his thumb over the well-bitten lips, relishing the way Damon hisses as he pulls too hard. “And you’re about to let this cunt shag you.”

“Yes,” Damon admits. His eyes find Liam’s, heavy-lidded, and he looks —god, he looks *drugged*; looks so open and wanting and vulnerable and just devastatingly pretty. His lips part obediently when Liam pushes his thumb into his mouth, feeling his teeth scrapes against it when Damon speaks again, almost groaning. “God, please.”

“Fuck.” Liam groans before he can stop himself, arousal pooling tight in the pit of his stomach. “You’re fucking beautiful, you know that?”

Damon shudders, eyes fluttering shut again. He’s practically whimpering like a kicked dog, his words tumbling into each other like he had waited for so long to let it out. “—want to get you alone and choke on your cock since the first time I saw you.”

He pushes Damon to his back, half wondering if he should make him sucks him off first, making true of his words. The blonde goes down easily, scooting backward and spreading his legs so Liam can kneel between them. Damon might be on the scrawnier side of the spectrum but he’s all bones and lean muscles; doesn’t feel like a bird at all, pretty as he is. Liam crawls over him and Damon cants his hips upwards, sighing softly. Liam can feel him; hard against his thigh. He presses him down into the mattress, experimentally grinding their hips together and he doesn’t know which one turns him on more; how good it feels or the way Damon throws his head back, groaning low in his throat.

“Just—” Liam stops, pulling away and stumbling over to where he kicked his jeans off. Damon raises his head, blown eyes following his movement. “—hold on for a sec—”

Damon snorts when he sees him rummaging through his pockets, falling back to the mattress. “Came prepared, aren’t you?”

Liam stretches him open with one, then two fingers, watching him winces and gasps and moans, eyelashes fluttering just over and above his pretty-boy eyes. Then it’s three and Damon’s eyes start watering, his moans bordering more on pain rather than pleasure. Liam stops moving, leans over him to place wet kisses on his neck, trying to find

that spot that makes him moan.

“Damnit, keep going,” Damon growls, eyes squeezed shut. “—’m not gonna break.”

But it does look like he’s gonna break; the light playing tricks on his long eyelashes and perfect nose, on the rise and fall of his chest. Damon’s not fragile but he sure looks like it at this moment. All pretty things are; that’s why they don’t last. Damon seems like it until Liam crooks his fingers a bit and Damon jerks, nails sinking into Liam’s back.

“Ah, fuck.” He gasps. “There—”

So exception does exist. It gets easier after that. Liam teases him until he’s shaking, until his eyes watering for a completely different reason before he relents and drags his fingers out unnecessarily slow just to hear the noises Damon tries to swallow. *Relent*, as if Liam’s not painfully hard and frustratingly unsure of what to do next. *Technically the same, right?* So he rolls on the condom and pushes himself in with the same agonizing slowness, albeit not on purpose this time. He sees a glimpse of Damon gritting his teeth, forcing himself to let Liam in, and then he has to scrunch his eyes shut. He’s fucking tight; it’s almost painful. Damon is gasping next to his ear, legs wrapped around Liam’s waist and heels dig painfully into the small of his back.

“Move.” He hears the other man demanding, heels pressing bruises onto his back.

Liam buries his face into the crook of Damon’s neck, tasting his sweat and the remnants of unfamiliar perfume and spilled drinks from the party that feels like centuries ago. “Maybe I will if you stop squeezing the shit out of me, you twat.”

Damon fucking *clenches* himself. Liam chokes out a groan, seeing white and for a moment just staying really still, willing himself not to come like he was fourteen again. Damon’s lips find him, licking into his mouth. Fuck, that was fucking dirty.

“Fucker.” Liam starts moving, slowly easing himself out and pushes back in. He can’t really think of a clever response, not with how fucking good it feels. Damon grabs at him for leverage, brows furrowed and teeth sinking into his bottom lip. Liam watches him for a moment, painting the image in his memory and letting his ego swells. “—you dirty bastard.”

Damon opens his mouth, undoubtedly to come up with something sarcastic even in the throne of pleasure. Liam shoves himself in hard, sliding Damon up a bit over the mattress, and watches the clever reply crumbles into a shocked shout. He has a fleeting worry that he's hurting the other man but Damon only drags him closer, eyes glazed like he were high. There is something incredibly erotic in watching him fall apart like this; Damon fucking Albarn. Liam starts going harder, trying to keep hitting that spot that makes Damon gasps like air is being fucked out of his lungs.

Damon shifts, spreading his legs wider; one hand letting go of Liam to stroke himself. He can't seem to keep his eyes open even when he wants to look at him so Liam kisses him instead, swallowing the moans he never thought he'd ever heard, pinning him deeper into the mattress. They are so close, pressed against each other, yet Damon still trying to pull him closer like Liam would get up and leave at any second. He comes without warning; body seizing up and breath stuttering and Liam feels him coming all over their stomach. He fucks him through his orgasm until Damon goes slack beneath him and finally meeting his eyes; blue on blue, sated on desperate, and the corner of his lips curl just enough to form the faintest smirk.

And of course that what pushes Liam over the edge.

///

"Are you going to punch me now?"

Damon asks the weirdest questions. Liam snatches his cigarette from the other man's lips. It's the last one; should have thought about it more before they smoked the rest on the balcony. "Why the fuck would I do that?"

"I don't know." Damon shrugs. "Just feels like something you'd do."

"I will if you asked me to." Liam wouldn't but the words are already out before he could think about it.

Damon turns to face him, still with none of the anger that Liam should have gotten. He looks like he's holding back a smile. "Other times, maybe."

Liam hands him the cigarette again and thinks about how he wouldn't ever want to punch Damon. About how his words vaguely alluding to another occasion of…of *this*. About how he wants to kiss that tender smile off his face because Liam really doesn't need to be smitten by his

rival that he regularly trash talk on national television. “Other times?”

He sounds too hopeful for his own liking. His mother did say that he wears his heart on his fucking sleeve. But Damon’s grin widens around the shared cigarette and maybe Liam actually does the right thing this time.

“Other times.” He parrots. “Be nice to me for now.”

Liam snorts out a laughter. “Alright. I’m nice now. Happy?”

Damon scoots closer, handing the cigarette back, and presses a kiss on the corner of Liam’s mouth. “Of course

all i know is you can take me there

Chapter Summary

> "Good thing that I'm a cunt, then." He trades on dangerous water here, but Liam can't stop running his mouth. "Else you'd be in love with me. Can't have that happening, right?"
>
> Damon meets his eyes again. "I don't mind cunts."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's way past midnight and Liam is alone in the ever slowly moving elevator. He's not drunk—not blackout sloshed like he had planned to, at least—but the warm and dopey kind of drunk that makes the thought of collapsing into his bed seems like a brilliant idea. It's not that Liam hates sleeping, it's the process of trying to sleep that he hates; when his head still wanders and his limbs still itch to do something, anything. This time, his eyes are heavy already while he stares blankly at the smooth, metallic door. With the speed this elevator is going there would be some time before he reaches the floor his room is at. Liam leans back into the cold metallic wall and lets his eyes fall closed, finding the darkness behind his eyelids comforting, for once.

He almost fell asleep on his feet when the soft ding indicates the lift has stopped, followed by the unmistakable sound of the door sliding open. *That was fast*, Liam thinks, cracking his eyes open. The first thing he notices is the glaring number on the small screen above the open door, still way below his floor. The second thing he notices is a familiar set of eyes and messy blonde hair that makes Liam groans internally.

Their eyes meet. Damon takes few seconds to take in the sight of Liam in before stepping into the cramped space. "—ullo, Liam."

Liam gives him a look, not quite sure on what to do in this situation. He had slept around before, but none of his one-night stand partners is Damon Albarn. Damon doesn't seem to be bothered by his prolonged silence, just smiles at him and punches the button to his floor. He looks too upbeat for this kind of hour so Liam's determined not to let

him knows that he's about to fall asleep on his ass.

"Albarn."

Damon raises his eyebrows. "I told you not to call me that."

"Well, there is 'gobshite' but I thought you wanted me to be nice."

He snorts. "You remember, then?"

"The fuck I am. I'm not an idiot."

Damon turns to face him suddenly, standing too close for comfort and crowding Liam against the wall he's leaning against. Liam stands his ground, looking up a bit to keep the eye contact and distract his eyes from the soft-looking lips right in front of him.

The corner of Damon's mouth curls into a smirk and the glint on his eyes turns provocative. "Having a wank over it?"

His face burns but Liam pretends it doesn't. If Damon wants to play this game he might as well play along. He keeps his facial expression bored, steady, doesn't let his eyes falter. "Only when I'm fucking desperate."

"Fucking prick," Damon says, then he kisses him.

It's lazy, gentle, and Liam surprises himself by actually melting into the kiss, letting his body goes lax and responding with the same gentleness Damon is giving him. It's kind of nice, being kissed like this, especially when he's sleepy and buzzing with alcohol. A kiss; that's what it is, not foreplay for sex or anything. Damon can kiss him like this until morning comes and Liam doesn't think he'd mind.

Damon pulls away first, searching his face. Liam doesn't show him what he wants. He makes a vague gesture to one of the corners of the cramped box. "There is a camera in here, you bloody idiot."

"And that bothers you?"

Liam makes a face. "Only if the pricks over at The Sun make mad fucking money from it. I'm not giving them a chance."

Damon grins like Liam just said something teeth-rottenly sweet. He takes a step back and shoves his hands into his pocket. "We should go somewhere else, then."

“Like where?” Liam challenges.

“Mine. Or yours. I don’t care.”

“Noely’s next door.”

“Mine it is.” Damon shakes his head. He seems to have a fleeting thought and faces Liam once again. “You think your brother would kill me if he knows?”

Liam bares his teeth in a mocking imitation of a smile, raising his chin. “That bothers you?”

“Of course it is. You can’t shag me when I’m dead. Unless you’re into that kind of stuff, which I hope not because you’ve been in—”

The ding startles them. Liam glances at the door sliding open. Nobody out’s there.

“—side me.” Damon continues cheekily. “This is my floor. You coming?”

Liam follows him through narrow corridors and similar-looking doors, hands in pockets. He keeps finding himself glancing upwards at every turn, where he knows there would be CCTVs scanning his face. It feels like something he should be bothered about, only that he can’t find it in himself to give a shit. Just the same indifference he felt before he lunged at a paparazzi who shoved his camera a little too close to his face. Maybe he’d start caring later when shits already hit the fan and everything crumbles around him in the distant future, years from now. For now, he simply doesn’t want to think about it. He’d shag Damon if he wants to, and the world can go fuck itself if they try to stop him.

Still, nothing ever shakes off the feeling that he will regret many, many things when it’s too late already, somewhere in the future. Not that he’d ever tell anyone this.

He bumps into Damon when he stops at one of the similar-looking doors. Damon laughs, holds a hand to steady him and he feels…well, nice. Smells nice, sounds nice. Liam buries his face into the crook of his neck and remembers the last time he had been in the same position; the way Damon has smelt like different perfumes and different drinks, like he had belonged to everyone and no one at all. Liam didn’t mind it back then but now Damon just smells like… Damon. Like cigarette ashes and hotel soap and a faint aftershave that Liam doesn’t recognize. It’s nicer this way.

“You’re sloshed, mate?”

“Not really.” Liam closes his teeth around the single earing on Damon’s ear, giving it a slight tug. He can feel Damon’s fingers tighten around his waist. “Maybe you can change that.”

There is a click as Damon finally manages to unlock his door. They both stumble inside, and maybe Liam is drunker than he thought because he almost goes flying when Damon playfully elbows him on the ribs. He scampers his way towards the bed and plops down there, can’t help but grinning when Damon’s laughter rings on the air.

The mattress next to him shifts when Damon climbs into bed, already losing his jacket. There are fading puncture marks on the inside of his arms, little dots that reminds Liam of home; of friends he made under that deserted flyover and had long ago lost contact with. Damon moves again, shifting his focus, crawling over Liam and straddling him. Then he leans close, supporting his weight with an arm next to Liam’s head and scanning his face.

“What.” Liam stares back. Suddenly he’s itching for a smoke, for something to do. He put his hands on either side of Damon’s hips, pressing his thumbs into clothed skin. Kind of like an anchor, unreliable as it is.

“You know, you’re kind of a cunt.” Damon bites his lips like he’s searching for words. His other hand comes to Liam’s face, caressing his cheek. “—but you’re also…

Liam grins. “What?”

“—fucking beautiful,” Damon admits. “Can’t stop thinking ‘bout that.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

The thing is, Liam also thinks that Damon is fucking beautiful. He doesn’t say it out loud though, not now. He had said it before, although he isn’t sure whether Damon remembers it or not, and saying it now would only result in a vanity battle. *You’re prettier, mate. No, you’re prettier.*

“Good thing that I’m a cunt, then.” He trades on dangerous water here but Liam can’t stop running his mouth. “Else you’d be in love with me. Can’t have that happening, right?”

Damon meets his eyes again. “I don’t mind cunts.”

Stop, stop, stop. “Yeah, but I’m not any cunts. I’m the biggest cunt on the planet. You can’t handle me.”

Damon rolls his eyes, *thank god*, and just leans down to kiss him. The same lazy, slow kiss that he gave Liam back in the elevator. Liam let himself be carried away in it, sneaking his hands through messy hair and feeling Damon sighs into the kiss. He almost doesn’t realize that Damon muttering something between their kisses.

“What?”

“You want to try it?”

Liam frowns, feeling slow. “Try what?”

Damon pulls away, grinning. “The big H.”

Suddenly Liam is sixteen again, huddling in some shady toilets at some shady pubs and a boy he just met handed him a syringe. “I’m barely dragging myself out the coke mountain, man.”

In fact, he’s only digging himself deeper. Liam isn’t clean, hasn’t been since he was young—*younger*—but even then he knew to stay away from the opiates. Once is enough, and it was good but he hates that it made him sluggish, made him slow and stupid and Noel was furious when he found out.

Don’t you fucking touch it. He had cornered Liam when their Ma left to get something from the store. Liam hadn’t had his growth spur yet so they were roughly the same height at that time but Noel felt like he was towering over him. The hint of fear in Noel’s voice in turn made Liam scared too. *I don’t care what else you took, you bloody idiot, just get your arse away from them or I’d beat you black and blue myself.*

“Have it your way, then.” Damon’s voice snaps him back to the present. He rolls off Liam, landing next to him, and starts looking for his jacket. “I’m having it a bit.”

Liam’s curious, though. He rolls to his side and watches Damon pulling out a small plastic bag from his jacket. The white powder inside it is unmistakable. Liam knows fucking well it’s not coke but the tips of his fingers start to shake nevertheless. He still has some left in his pocket, leftover from a day’s use. He could just snort it up real quick, just enough to stop the tremor—

“Fuck.” Damon coughs. Liam focuses back on him as he wipes the remains of the white powder from his nose. He remembers finding Damon passed out in some random toilet; the bastard was lucky that Liam was the one who finds him.

“Don’t fucking pass out on me, you bastard.” He provokes. Just because.

Damon sniffs. “I won’t.”

“Get back to the fucking bed.”

“Bossy, aren’t you?”

“You haven’t met my brother.”

“I’m not shagging your brother.”

Damon climbs back into the bed and pushes Liam to his back, crawling over him again. He stares at Liam for a moment and says. “You’re kind of docile tonight.”

“Because I’m falling asleep over here, you junkie.”

“Mm.” Damon plays with the hem of his t-shirt. His eyes scan the length of Liam’s body, sprawls beneath him, and suddenly he has this contemplative look on his face that stays when their eyes meet again. “Take off your top.”

Liam quirks up, sleep vanishes from his eyes. “What for?”

“You’re in your twenties and *still has to ask*?”

“That’s not what I meant, smartass.” Liam bites back but he still put his hands up and lets Damon pulls his t-shirt over his head. “What are you up to?”

Damon presses him back into the mattress, muttering against the shell of Liam’s ear. “What did I tell you about me choking on your dick?”

Liam closes his eyes, shuddering. His cock stirs in interest. “Shit.”

Damon drags his lips over his jawline, nipping at the skin there. “Can I?”

Like he needs any permission at all. Liam runs his hand through the soft strands of his hair, gentler than he would have liked to but he

can't help himself. He wants to keep Damon's lips latched to where it is now but then he thinks about them wrapped around his cock instead; stretches wide and red, and warm—fuck, his mouth must have felt so good; throat constricting when Liam pushes in deeper. Maybe he'd cry too.

He pulls at Damon's hair, almost muttering *god, please* but he remembers who he is, who Damon is, and settles instead with: "Go on."

Damon kisses him hard on the mouth before slowly making a trail of kisses down Liam's torso. Liam squirms, feeling a bit like a bird, and he recognizes the uncomfortable feeling that stirs in his stomach at the thought. Damon's teeth scrape the skin beneath his belly button, hot breath soothing the stinging mark, and Liam yanks at Damon's hair without thinking. He doesn't mean it to hurt but Damon still let out a pained gasp nevertheless.

"Easy." He stays still, neck bared and strained yet somehow he still sounds convincing. "Easy, Liam."

"I'm not a—" Liam starts but suddenly he's too embarrassed to continue.

Damon fixes his eyes on Liam's. "Of course you're not. None of us is."

Liam stares at him, at the flush that starts adorning his cheek. Damon smiles, a faint trace of that mopey grin Liam saw two weeks ago. The heroin must've just kicked in. "Right."

"Right." Damon breathes out, shoulders sagging in relief. Then he pulls against Liam's grip, hair straining in Liam's fingers until he's close enough to plant a kiss on the head of his belt. "Come here."

Damon scoots back until he's kneeling right before the bed, staring at Liam expectantly. Liam takes a moment to get his stand back, slipping into their dynamic again before moves to sit on the edge of the bed. There is a stilted silence as they both stare at each other, daring the other one to move first. Damon's hands move towards Liam's belt just when Liam reaches for it and they both chuckle.

"Let me." Damon offers when his laughter subsides so Liam lets him, sitting back to watch him work. The heavy weight in his chest tells him that he's almost too sober for this.

Damon unbuckles his belt with practiced ease that makes bitter

thoughts of *who else* running amok in Liam's head. Damon looks so sure on his knees, systematically lowering Liam's pants and spitting to his palm. He looks like he had been in this position numerous times before and—and—not that Liam's jealous, not at all, he's not *that* possessive—but if Damon is this open about getting to his knees for another lad he sure wished they had started shagging earlier.

He sighs when Damon starts stroking him, hand warm and rough and impossible to mistake for a bird. His other hand leans against Liam's thigh for support, eyes glued to his face when Damon leans down like he's about to take Liam's cock to his mouth. Except he doesn't; a hint of smirk forms on his lips as he stops just a hair width away from where Liam wants him. His warm breaths ghosts over the sensitive head of his cock and Liam barely has time to come up with an insult to urge him on when Damon presses a light, open-mouthed kiss to the head of his cock.

Liam hisses, tensing up, and grabs Damon's hair to yank him back. The older man makes a sound; half groaning and half laughing. He leans forward again but Liam keeps him still with the grip on his hair.

"Don't tease." He growls, punctuating his words with another yank. The other man visibly shudders but he looks up at Liam with defiance in his eyes.

"Desperate, aren't you?"

"Says the one who wants to gag on my—fuck!"

Damon chooses this time to take Liam to his mouth, pulling against the grip on his hair and slowly making his way through the length of his shaft. He's a little past halfway when Liam feels his throat starts convulsing, sending waves of pleasure all the way to the tip of his fingers. Damon makes a choking noise but he doesn't pull away, his nails digging into Liam's skin and Liam's digging into the root of his hair. When he eventually pulls away Damon's eyes are watering and he breaks into a fit of coughs, gasping for air in between.

"Changing your mind?" Liam pants, thinking about how fucking sad it would be to jerk himself off after a glimpse of how fucking good this blowjob could be.

"Nah." Damon wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "Just out of practice."

Liam gapes a bit. “Practice?”

Damon fucking winks at him and then he gets back to work. Liam’s fingers clench around his hair again; he can’t help it. Damon doesn’t seem to mind, lips sliding wet and hot over and over again. The pace is different now; quick, relentless, no more teasing. Liam throws his head back, trying to swallow back the noises of pleasure that crawling from the coiling heat in his belly. Then suddenly Damon takes him whole, burying his nose to the dark hair at the base of his cock. Liam’s hips stutter, jerking into the constricting heat that is Damon’s throat. He looks down to see Damon staring up at him, tears leaking from his eyes. He still doesn’t pull away but Liam keeps his grip tight on those locks; an illusion of choking him with force. Damon’s eyes flutter shut and his hands scramble to his own belt, shakily unbuckling it before palming himself through his boxer.

Holy shit. He gets off of this. Liam trembles; he can’t shake the intuition that maybe, just maybe, Damon likes being on his knees. Maybe he likes being the one who gets shoved into the mattress, who gets pinned down and fucked like a bird. Or maybe he just likes Liam, likes being on his knees because he thinks Liam likes him that way.

“I’m going to—” He manages to get out just as Damon pulls away for air. Damon tries to take him into his mouth again and Liam comes when his cock is partially inside. He watches Damon tries to swallow it but he’s still out of breath and some of it trickles down the side of his mouth. Liam watches him, dazed, trying to burn the image to his brain for future wanking session.

Then Damon wipes his mouth, stands up, and suddenly Liam’s on his back again with a very feverish Damon above him. They fumble with each other; Damon’s mouth on his neck and Liam’s hands in Damon’s pants. He’s fully hard from sucking Liam off alone, and if Liam hadn’t just come the thought might make him hard again.

“Fuck, c’mon.” Damon whimpers when Liam’s hand stops moving. He’s close; eyes closed and brows furrowed. “Make me come, you prick.”

Liam’s wrist aches, not used to the awkward angle. Damon pants above him, shaking all over. Liam is more than willing to just give him what he wants but he has always been a little bit of a cunt. He tightens his grip, feeling Damon’s body goes taut. “Ask me real nice.”

Damon whines. “Liam—”

Liam strokes him once, and Damon let out a high-pitched whimper. “Fuck, fuck, *please*, you bastard, let me come.”

That’s good enough. Liam starts stroking him again, hand slick with precome. Damon buries his face into the pillow next to Liam’s head, muffling his moans. Liam won’t have that. “Kiss me.” He says, turning his head to meet Damon’s mouth.

Damon comes like that, groaning into the kiss. Liam feels him spill into his hand, to his stomach, to Damon’s t-shirt. Damon shudders then collapses right on top of him, crushing the air out of his lungs.

“Fuck.” Liam tries pushing him but his limbs feel like jelly. “Roll over.”

Damon groans and does just that, landing on his back next to Liam. For a moment only their labored breathing fills the now silent room. Liam tries to imagine what they look like; laying next to each other with their pants undone and sweat cooling off their skin and Damon’s come splattered on his hand and stomach. *Fucking hell.* He elbows the body next to him.

“Get me some tissues.”

Damon reaches blindly to the table next to him, grabbing a box of tissue and handing it Liam. He looks almost asleep but changes his mind and takes off his stained t-shirt. “Can you stay?”

His voice sounds wrecked. Liam throws the balled up tissue to the bin and missed. When he thinks about it he really doesn’t want to go back to his room alone. “Why?”

Damon’s face reddens and he avoids Liam’s eyes, throwing his t-shirt somewhere. “Nothing. Just it’d be nice to… you know, talk to each other. I don’t care what you said about me on the fucking tabloids. We’re not enemies.”

“We’re not mates either.”

“Well, don’t you want to be?”

“It’s a little too late for that, isn’t it?” Damon turns to look at him with a frown, but it disappears when Liam runs his hand through his hair—just where he had clenched his fingers around them just minutes ago. “You just had my cock in your mouth, mates don’t do that.”

Damon cracks a smile. “We could always be…I don’t know, *mates with benefits*? Is that the name?”

Liam returns his smile with a shaky one. It’s dangerously easy to be fond of Damon when he’s like this. “That’s too far. Rivals with benefits. The Sun would’ve liked that.”

Damon rolls his eyes. “So you’ll stay?”

“Couldn’t let my number one fan down, can I?”

“Fuck off.” Damon closes his eyes, looking pleased with himself.

Liam still has his hand buried in Damon’s hair, lightly scratching his scalp the way Noel used to do when Liam couldn’t sleep. They could have gone to sleep without bringing that up but Liam feels like he needs to address it. He hesitates a bit before forcing himself to spill the words out. “Look, sorry ‘bout that.”

Damon doesn’t open his eyes. “About what?”

“About—” Liam swallows. “—fuck, you really want me to say it?”

The blue eyes open, staring at him questioningly. Damon seems to put two and two together, from Liam’s hand on his hair to whatever it is that he read on Liam’s face because he looks like he understands. “Oh.” He smiles, lazy like a cat. “Don’t worry about that.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Been there, done that.” And with that Damon closes his eyes again, ready to drift into sleep.

Liam wants to pry, wants to ask questions but he doesn’t feel like he has any place to be nosey. He mutters under his breath, feeling shy and stupid. “Didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Who said you hurt me?” Damon takes his hand off his hair and brings it to his mouth, pressing a kiss to the back of it. “I said don’t worry about it. Now let me sleep, you brat.”

Liam watches him; the relaxed lines of his face and the slight pull on the corner of his lips like he had been laughing. It’s unfair, he thinks, that someone is born with a face like that and be as nice as Damon just did. He should at least be a bit of a cunt to compensate for that.

He can’t end the night with something like that so he smacks Damon’s

face with a pillow, laughing at the muffled curses and flailing limbs. “Don’t call me a brat, you fucking wanker.”

Chapter End Notes

at this point i don't even know where this is going. i just like writing them secretly wanting each other i guess.

maybe in time you'll want to be mine

Chapter Summary

> Damon is on him in seconds, eyes blazing and finger jabbing at Liam's chest so hard that he wonders if it'd leave a bruise. "If you want someone to shag because you're fucking upset then finds someone on the street, asshole. Don't fucking bang at my door and act fucking offended when I want to know what the fuck is going on."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Damon has five seconds to comprehend Liam standing in front of his door; looking straight out of a drunken brawl with a bruised eye and split lips. "What hap—"

Liam cuts him off by going ahead and smashing their lips together, registering searing pain and tangy taste of blood before using his weight to push Damon back into his flat. The other man makes a protesting noise, undoubtedly making a face at the metallic taste but he still kisses Liam back. The door closed behind them with a loud thud, sending waves of pain to Liam's head like it hasn't pounded with headache already. Noel does have a deadly aim when he wants to, that massive cunt, and the fact that Liam was already drunk by the time they started swinging fists is probably why he was the one crashing into the goddamn wall.

"Ah, fuck." Damon groans when Liam turns them around and slams him against the door. "What's going on?"

He got blood on his lips. Liam stumbles back a bit, taking the sight of him. Damon's in a faded t-shirt and well-worn pajama pants but he doesn't look like he had been asleep before Liam pounded on his door. It feels a bit weird seeing him at the comfort of his own home—almost too personal—but that's the thought for a sober mind. Liam wipes his blood off Damon's lips, only half noticing the bruises that already started forming on his knuckles. "Let's fuck."

"Yeah, but what the fuck happened to your face?"

“Does it matter?”

“You’re shoving blood down my fucking throat at three in the morning so yeah, it does.”

He’s asking too many questions and not particularly the ones Liam wants to answer. He kisses him again; a silent plea of *just fucking drop it*. Damon recoils again but keeps kissing back, like a bird pulling a hot and cold with him back in school. His hand sneaks its way to the front of Liam’s trouser and palms him there, firm and unmoving. Liam pushes his hips towards it, panting against the corner of Damon’s mouth. It’s not enough and he knows Damon wouldn’t give him more unless he does what he wants. He can’t do this.

“Not now.” He manages to grit out but even the thought of telling it word-by-word in the future makes something crumbles inside his chest. “Please.”

“Look—”

“I can't,” Liam mutters into his skin, feeling his face twisting like he's going to cry so he buries his face into the crook of Damon's neck, breathing in his scent. “I can't.”

Damon is quiet for a while; just standing there rigid with his hand over Liam’s crotch and ignoring Liam pressing hot kisses over the exposed skin of his shoulders. Then he takes his hand off, voice sharp. “Nobody ever fucking told me anything.”

Liam needs a couple of seconds to comprehend the sudden loss of pressure, the sudden change of wind. “What?”

“Get off me.” Damon shoves him but Liam only sways on his spot. “Get the fuck off me, Liam.”

He does and Damon pushes his way past him. His face is closed off, angry. Liam has this fleeting moment where his brain freezes, can’t think of anything but a chorus of *you’re fucked, you’re fucked, you’re fucked* chanting in his head. Old habit; had been there ever since he knew what *you’re fucked* meant sometimes in his childhood. He’s older now, quicker to react to that fucking chant even when it means channeling supposed fear into anger.

He steels himself, gets ready for yet another fight. “For fuck’s sake, who put a fucking stick up your arse? What is it to you, anyway?”

Damon is on him in seconds, eyes blazing and finger jabbing at Liam's chest so hard that he wonders if it'd leave a bruise. "If you want someone to shag because you're fucking upset then finds someone on the street, asshole. Don't fucking bang at my door and act fucking offended when I want to know what the fuck is going on."

"I don't want to fucking tell you. If you don't want to shag just kick me out your flat, no need to throw a massive tantrum over it, tough guy."

Damon throws his hands out in frustration like Liam just said something mind-numbingly dense. "I didn't say—christ, I just want a fucking explanation, Liam, I never said I didn't want you around."

Liam laughs, the mock one he knows would pissed people off. He registers the sound of the phone ringing from somewhere in the room but Damon doesn't seem to acknowledge it. "You don't want an explanation. You want the whole goddamn story so you can feel fucking sorry for me, that's what you want."

"That's not true."

"That's fucking true."

"You know what? You're right. I want the whole goddamn story so I don't feel like a fucking used up slag when you're done and walking out that door and I still have no fucking idea what's just fucking hit me."

"What, you want to be my bloody therapist?"

"Watch it."

Liam almost explodes at that. "Don't you fucking dare telling me to watch it."

Damon grabs him by the collar of his jacket, shoving him against the wall. It's not hard enough to make him feels the impact battering his skull but Liam has never seen Damon fight before and he welcomes the sudden show of aggression with open arms. He sneers. "Yeah? Want to try knocking me out, sweetheart?"

The hands on his neck drop immediately. Damon steps away like touching Liam burns the skin of his fingers off, jittery with unspent adrenaline.

“I’m your—” Damon starts, but trailing off. The anger is still there but there is something else too, shaky and uncertain. In between the pounding headache and fast rush of blood deafening his eardrums, Liam realizes that he’s holding his breath. Waiting.

“What?” He demands.

Damon forces himself to meet his eyes. “I’m your friend. At least I think so.”

That’s a big load of bullshit coming from his mouth and Liam has listened to lots of bullshit tonight. He doesn’t exactly know what they are, apart from that stupid *rivals with benefits* thing he invented weeks ago that he isn’t even sure still applies. From the way Damon grimaces and looks away he knows that the other man also thinks it’s bullshit.

“Friends.” He parrots, rolling the words in his tongue like poison. “Fuck that. We’re not friends. I don’t know what we are but we’re not that.”

We’re more than that. He almost adds.

Damon shakes his head, still avoiding Liam’s eyes. The fight has left his body and now he just looks sad, wounded. “I should’ve told you that I’m—”

“No.” Liam spits out, although not quite out of malice. “Don’t go there.”

“You don’t know what I’m going to say.”

“And I don’t want to know. Cut it off, Albarn.”

“Don’t call me—” The phone rings again, splitting the scattering tension among them. Damon whips his head towards a small table in his living room, jaws tense. “Oh, fucking hell.”

He makes his way towards the offending object, ripping the handout with more force than it needs to. Liam hears him snap into it. “What?”

Liam tunes him out and turns to eye the door. He should leave, find a pub, then get wasted. It’s not going to make him feel any better in the long run but it sure will at this exact moment. He’d woke up the next afternoon or evening—depending on how hangover he is—then crawls back to the studio with his tail between his legs. If Noel gets over it already—or at least acts like it—he would just bitch about how Liam

shot his voice to smithereens. If he doesn't—fuck, Liam doesn't even want to think about it.

It would have been easier to deal with Noel when he's pissed off. Liam wishes he was, that would justify the beatings and they would easily be back on even ground. Except that Noel was hurt and no amount of punches would ever make up for that. He can still taste his words, feeling them in the roll of his tongue and hearing them in between the pounding of his head. *Go on, Noely. Taking after Da, aren't you?*

The next thing he knew he was crashing into a wall. Bonehead hauled his brother away from him but Noel was still yelling. *Take that back, you fucking cunt. You fucking take it back.* Liam waited until his vision stopped spinning before looking back at his brother. They stared at each other and Liam felt his hurt, his rage, his fear, feeling them rattled into his bones and that was where he ran off.

Bile rises to the back of his mouth. He needs to sit down. Well, he needs to dig a hole and bury himself alive in it but first sitting down seems like a good idea. He follows Damon's footsteps into the living room, finding him still speaking into the telephone, and sinks into one of the couches there like a petulant child.

Suddenly he realizes that Damon is looking at him like he's talking about Liam to the person on the other side of the line. Liam shoots him a questioning look when at last Damon lowers the telephone, looking as confused as he possibly could.

"It's your brother." He says, covering the speaker with his hand.

Liam snorts. "Ha. Funny."

"No, you dumbass." Damon insists. "*This* is Noel."

It feels like someone dunks him into a barrel full of ice. Liam stands up. "Shit."

"Did you tell him about—"

"Never. How the fuck did he know where I am? Tell him I'm not here."

Damon shakes his head. "He *knows*. Just talk to him, for god's sake."

Liam considers taking the phone and slams it shut but decides it wouldn't be a good idea. He takes the telephone from Damon's hand and presses it against his ear. He's meant to say *I'm here* or *what is it* but he can't quite make his tongue works.

Noel eventually speaks first. That's his voice; Liam had known him his whole life and he'd always know Noel's voice.

"*You need to stop running off like that. You're not fifteen anymore*."

He doesn't sound angry, just tired. Liam licks his lips, tasting blood. He doesn't know what to say so he just asks the first thing that comes out in his head. "How do you know where I am?"

Noel makes a sound, a half scoff half laughter he likes to do when he feels Liam is being particularly thick. "*I'm your brother. Of course, I know*."

Liam bites his lips, feeling dread pooling in his chest. *How much did you know?* he almost asks but he doesn't think he'd want to know the answer. "Alright. Fair enough."

The silence stretches as neither of them speaks again. Liam becomes painstakingly aware of Damon still standing around in the room, not particularly eavesdropping but still too close to comfort. He tries to picture Noel; calling him from the studio or alone in his hotel room because he doesn't want anyone to know that he's the one reaching out first.

"*Well*," Noel says, the crackle his voice comes through makes him impossible to read but it feels like he's going to hang up. "*I was just wondering where you are*."

Liam forces himself to speak, feeling shame heating his face. "Listen, Noel—" His voice cracks. "—I didn't mean it. You're nothing like him, I was just being stupid, yeah? You know how it is."

"*You didn't mean a lot of things*." His brother sighs on the other side.

Liam rubs his temple. "I guess. But I mean this one. Sorry abou—"

"*No, no, you're right.*" Noel cut him off like he can't bear to hear Liam apologizing. "*I'm not, god knows I'd never lay a hand on Meg but…it's just, it's just you. When I'm with you. I don't fucking get it*."

That stings *It's just you.* Liam can already tell those words would haunt

him for the rest of his life. “Why?”

“*I don’t know, Liam. Maybe because—*” Noel trails off just the way Damon did just minutes ago. The way they both know what they are about to say but couldn’t throw it out for the world to see. Liam waits but unlike Damon, Noel never tries saying anything. “*—I don’t know*.”

It’s done. He recognizes the finality in his brother’s voice that means he’d never talk about it again, at least until Liam fucks up again or by some miracle they manage to sit together and talk things through.

“For fuck’s sake, Noel, talk to me.”

“*Liam*.”

“I deserve to know, no? I’m a shit brother, I know, but—”

“*Liam!*” Noel snaps. “*Shut it*.”

“Fine.” Liam spits through gritted teeth. “Don’t ever fucking talk then.”

He’s about to slam the wretched phone into the receiver but Noel makes a sound like he’s going to speak again. So he waits again like a goddamn dog. “What?”

“*Are you high?*”

“Fuck off.”

“*Don’t fuck with the needles*.”

“Fuck off, I won’t.”

“*Alright. I’d see you tomorrow*.”

Liam makes a mental note to skip the recording session tomorrow. “Right.”

“*Hey, I love you, you know that?*”

It could be a trick to get his ass down the studio by tomorrow morning. Or to make Liam keeps his promise to not taking the smack. Or maybe Noel really did mean it. You’d never know with him. Whatever it is, he’s not one to throw it around so Liam lets the words wash over him; a forgotten reminder that, fuck, he does love his brother.

“Yeah. I know. Love you too.”

The line goes dead.

Liam puts the telephone down and takes a moment to compose himself. He turns around to see Damon leaning on the farthest wall of the room, nursing a bottle of beer, and trying to look nonchalant but only ending up guilty instead. Liam can’t really blame him since this is his place anyway and Liam wasn’t exactly being quiet. That doesn’t mean he’s not going to try putting him on a corner and making him squirm, though.

He sneers. “Enjoying the show?”

Damon grimaces. “You were fucking *loud*.”

“There, you got your story.” Liam sits on the seat he previously occupied, patting his pockets for his pack of cigarettes. “Do you feel sorry for me now?”

Damon looks away and doesn’t answer. Liam feels like a cunt straight away. He pretends to struggle with his matches and only adds after the first inhale of smoke has left his lungs. “I was just joking.”

Neither of them laughs. Damon eventually disappears into his kitchen and comes back with another bottle. He puts it on the table in front of Liam and sits next to him. “Graham doesn’t really speak to me anymore.”

“Graham.” Liam rubs his temple, willing the headache to go away. “Oh, right. The bloke.”

“I just—got sick of it, I guess. People keeping me out of the loop and expecting me to do shit about it. Anyway, I was being a cunt earlier. Sorry about that.”

“I’m sorry, too.” Liam bumps his knee against Damon's, then it strikes him how easy it is to apologize to the other man; just simply admitting his fault without building a fort out of excuses. “We’re a pair of sorry fucking cunts.”

Damon leans into the couch and turns to look at him. “What did Noel say?”

“Nothing.” It’s the truth. Fucking nothing.

“So he’s not going to kill me, then.”

“He’s just going to be a mega prick from now on. And I’m going to back him up.”

“Oh.” Damon shrugs after a stretch of silence. “So just the usual.”

He asks for his cig. Liam wants to point out that he has his own pack laying on the table in front of them but he hands it to him. They stare at each other as Damon takes a long drag, so close to each other that Liam can feel the heat from the burning end on his lips. He doesn’t want to name the emotion stirring in his chest so he waits until Damon lowers the cigarette and leans closer to plant a kiss on his lips.

Sometimes he wishes things were easier. To sit Noel down and talks*, just talks*, the two of them. To be bigger and stronger when their Dad beat the shit out of everyone except for him so he could stand up to him and tell him to fuck off. To just let Damon says it, out loud, then accept it and say it back to him. Yet the lump in his throat wouldn’t let him, and Liam is left with the thought of *later*; an imaginary moment in the future that he’s afraid would never come.

Damon runs his fingers gently over the bruised skin. It stings but swatting them away feels like it would ruin the moment. When Liam finally pulls away Damon is still staring at him like he’s transfixed. He then scoots closer, whispering under his breath even though there are only the two of them in his flat.

“Do you still want to do it?”

It’s an offer masked as a question. Damon still looks gorgeous even at three in the morning but Liam feels drained like he just screamed his throat raw during a day-long recording session. “Well, do you want to?”

“I’m not really—” Damon has an apologetic grin on his face. “But I’m up for it if you want.”

He moves like he’s going to get on his knees. Liam stops him. “Not today, mate. Kind of tired.”

“If it’s because what I said earlier—”

“It’s not.”

“Alright.” Damon scratches his head. “I was just making sure.”

Oh, man. Liam *really* doesn't deserve him. He's a greedy bastard, though, so he'd take and take as long as Damon keeps on giving. He sucks on the last of his cigarette, letting the nicotine dancing in his chest before letting them out. "Can I crash on your couch?"

Damon perks up at that. Liam tries not to let it get into him. "Yeah. Gladly, man."

"And rob your ibuprofen tablets while I'm at it?"

"Whatever."

"Don't tell Noel or I'd kick your arse out of your own goddamn flat."

It's always a good feeling, making Damon laughs. Especially when he's sober because it lights up his whole face instead of the slow, dazed one he does when he's out of it. And the fact that it was all Liam, not the heroin making him thinking it's funny when it's not.

"Alright." Damon pushes himself to his feet, a hint of smile still gracing his lips. "Fuck the couch, though. You fucking know we've been in bed together."

Chapter End Notes

> The part with noel calling is more or less true according to one of their photographers (?). Noel basically had a book full of phone numbers that he would call one by one asking if they had seen Liam. Now that's the big sibling energy that i aspire to have.

is this real love or is this madness (that keeping us afloat)

Chapter Summary

> Now, Liam doesn't think of himself as someone who's overly possessive but he sure feels like one at the moment; with Damon's lips pressed against his own and his pulses thundering beneath Liam's hand, beneath the mark he left behind.

Bonehead nudges him with his shoulder and points vaguely towards a random direction behind Liam. "Look at the two lovebirds over there."

Liam lowers his can of beer and follows Bonehead's eyes. He has a hunch on who the two lovebirds are and his gut feeling is not wrong. He recognizes Damon's dirty blond hair first, sticking messily in every direction like he just woke up. The other lovebird has short dark hair and black-framed glasses that glint beneath the near blinding light. The party is just started, that's why Liam hasn't drunk yet but he can tell from a mile away that Graham has; swaying and pointing wildly right on Damon's face. Damon doesn't fare any better; from the way he just stares blankly at Graham Liam can tell he already sneaked a dose before coming in.

"Hah." He takes a sip from his can. "Romantic."

They look like a married couple having a spat. Suddenly Liam is seized by the sudden fright that he and Noel might come off exactly like that when they decide to argue in public. He averts his gaze, suddenly feeling uncomfortable staring at the unfolding argument. Unfortunately for him, Bonehead doesn't feel the same way.

"Isn't that the bloke who snogged you on the cover of—of—*what's the name again*—"

"Yeah. That's the one." Liam hopes he sounds uninterested. The truth is he feels like he had known Graham for *years* from how often Damon talked about him. "Graham or something like that."

Bonehead grins and elbows him by the ribs. Motherfucker knows

Liam's weak there. "Why don't you go over there and return the favor? Look at them, Albarn's on the verge of tears already."

Liam clutches at his side, gritting his teeth. "Fuck you." He straightens himself and brings his hand up to jab at Bonehead's chest; the one he's holding his drink with. "I'd rather eat dirt than—"

Some twat bumps into Bonehead, make him bumping into Liam which in turn makes Liam stumble and spill his drink all over the front of his jacket. Or Bonehead's jacket. Bonehead's brand new, beloved, long-awaited jacket that Liam nicked just before they set off. The one he made Liam swear on his life not to ruin even a single thread on it.

It only takes one glance at Bonehead's murderous expression to make Liam scurrying as fast as possible towards the nearest bathroom.

So that's how Graham finds him; frantically dabbing wet tissue over the sticky stain on Bonehead's jacket. Liam looks up when he enters, meeting his eyes through the mirror. Graham looks—man, he doesn't look too well. Liam waits for him to say something but he just stands there, leaning against the wall and watching him with a blank look on his face. Seconds pass by so Liam shrugs and turns back to the task at hand.

But the thing is he had learned from multiple brawls at the pub to keep an eye—or ear—to your back. Liam listens carefully until he hears Graham moves briskly across the room, stepping closer until Liam can smell the booze radiating from him. "Oi." He frowns like he's thinking really, really hard. "Gallagher."

Liam almost cringes at the way he butchered his name. "—'sup."

Graham stops just a few feet away from him. Liam watches him through the mirror. "Damo has his head so far up your bloody arse."

The nickname doesn't lose to him. Liam bares his teeth in a mock attempt of a smile. "Could say the same to you."

"Yeah, but that's fucking normal, no?" Graham runs a hand through his face, dirtying his glasses in the process but he seems hardly care. "I'm his best mate, but you just, you just—I don't know—some kid in a band that he's interested in for a bit. Like, like a side chick, you get it? A bloody mistress or something."

Liam knows Graham didn't mean to provoke him. He said it all with a straight face like he's stating facts; genuinely curious. Like a child

asking a beggar why they are begging for money. But as people say; *drunken words, sober thought* and it stings just the same. Liam scowls and turns around, dropping the wet tissue before closing in on Graham. If he were any drunker he would have knocked him off his feet. But he wasn't and perhaps Liam feels bits of pity at the state of the other man. God knows he'd been there.

"Listen." He jabs his finger at Graham's chest. "Don't you ever fucking dictate what I am. I don't fucking care what Albarn thought of me anyway. He gags for my dick just the same."

Graham's frown deepens. "Don't fucking talk about him like—"

"Like what?" Liam sneers. "That's the truth. You know it."

Graham stumbles closer and grabs the collar of his jacket, his grip tight. Liam's first thought is *fuck, Bonehead's gonna kill me*. He waits for the punch but it never comes. Graham just stares at him, confusion clouding his face. Christ, he's such a fucking mess. At this point, Liam is just counting the seconds until Graham would throw up all over him. Then maybe he'd sit him down and tell him to go home. Drink lots of water and shits like that.

But Graham's luck must have run out because the door opens and Damon steps in, clearly looking for him. Liam glances at Damon's face, seeing his eyes widen at the sight of them, and just like that he's angry again. *A fucking side chick, really?* Fuck that. Damon's *his* fucking side chick.

"If you touch me." He turns to Graham again, saying it loud enough for Damon to hear. "I'll fucking bash your head in."

Damon crosses the room faster than Liam had ever seen him moving. He stops just by Graham, carefully taking a hold of his elbow. "That's enough."

"Yeah, that's enough, Gra." Liam mocks him. Damon's eyes jump to his face, just for a flash of second before shifting back to Graham. There is a hint of fear hidden beneath exhaustion. He's probably sick of dealing with his guitarist's antics. It's not far from the way Noel looks at him when Liam is at his absolute worst.

"You're going to bash my head in?" Graham asks and Liam might be wrong but he thinks he sees a hint of smile on his face.

“If you want me to.” He lies. Liam genuinely likes Graham and would prefer not to hit him. Unfortunately, Damon doesn’t know that.

“Gra, please.” He whispers, fingers tighten around Graham’s elbow. “Let’s go.”

“Fuck off, Day.”

“It’s not fucking worth it, yeah? C’mon, let’s just go.”

Miraculously Graham agrees. He lets go of Liam and lets Damon dragging him back towards the door. Liam watches Damon; jaw tensed and lips pressed tight into a thin line. Not once he ever looks at him again.

“Go on, fucking babysit him, Albarn.” He shouts after them as the door swings shut, fists itching for a fight. “Don’t fucking forget to change his diaper, you prick!”

The door slams shut completely. The only answer he got is the muffled music from outside and the drips of water from a loose tap. Liam cusses them out nevertheless.

He looks for Bonehead after that, trying to convince him that it’s not his fault that his jacket is ruined but he couldn’t find him. Great, he’s being ditched. So Liam starts going through the bar, planning get sloshed and kicked out but then he feels bad again. About Bonehead, about Graham, about Damon, about Noel. There is no twat to provoke so he goes back to the bathroom, alternating between doing lines and trying to clean the goddamn jacket.

Like a sick joke, Damon finds him there. Again. What is it with public bathroom and Damon Albarn? If they ever get married, maybe they’d do it in the bathroom. The honeymoon too. When they have a lover’s spat he’d dunk Damon’s face into the toilet. Flushes his fucking pretty face down.

Liam doesn’t realize how pissed he is until Damon inches closer and touches his arm. Carefully, like he was touching a rabid dog instead of, well, Liam. “Hey—”

He turns around and sets his eyes on Damon’s. The hand on his arm drops immediately as Damon tries to back away but Liam’s faster. He shoves him against the wall hard enough that Damon whimpers at the impact. That’s not Liam, that’s the coke. Or maybe both of them, they are the same thing after all. Liam can feel the powder so far up his

nostrils, up to the back of his eyes.

Damon cowers a bit when Liam closes in on him. “Okay,” He brings his hands up, trying to keep some distance between them. “Calm down. Please.”

“A fucking side chick.” Liam spits. “Just because we fucked you don’t get to fucking call me that, you sad fucking cunt.”

“I—*what?*” The confusion in his eyes almost looks too genuine. “I’d never—Christ, Graham’s drunk. He didn’t mean it.”

“Fuck you.” Liam throws his tissues at him. It bounces off Damon’s coat miserably.

“I don’t want to fight.” Damon licks his lips, eyes darting between Liam’s face and his hands like he’s expecting a fight

“Well, I don’t want to fucking fight either, Albarn. Look where it got me.”

Liam steps back and Damon lowers his hands slowly. He looks smaller like this or maybe he just got thinner. Maybe if he isn’t so high Liam would realize how fucking ridiculous this is.

“I never said anything like that. Graham was just—just—he didn’t understand what we’re about, all right? He didn’t know what he was saying.” Damon tries to reason. Liam hates how tired he’s sounding. “He’s going through some rough times; he hates my fucking guts, he hates this, this whole fucking thing we do with the band. But he didn’t mean any harm, okay? He’s lovely. Please.”

Liam scoffs but he knows Damon is right.

“Oh, fuck off.” He shakes his head, turning away to make more lines in one of the stalls. There is hurt brewing in his chest, lodged between his ribs and grates on his lungs with every inhales. He’s no Justine Frischmann—fuck, he’s not even a bird—he’s not Damon’s bandmates either so of course he’s always going to be the side chick. Or the side bloke. Whatever. And even to be the side bloke there needs to be something official between them. An agreement. They don’t have even that.

They are not exclusive and Liam isn’t supposed to feel sad about that.

“Hey.” Damon reaches for him again, pulling him out of the stall.

“That’s enough, don’t you think?”

“You’re in no fucking place to say that.” Liam snaps, turning around just in time to see Damon’s face falls. His stomach freezes at that and he stammers to continue. “The party’s shite anyway. What else is there to do?”

Damon yanks him back again when Liam tries to step back inside. He just wouldn’t give in, would he? “Come with me.”

“Where?” Liam let him intertwines their fingers together, feeling the rough skin against his own and takes comfort in it. He’s still here.

“Does it matter? I miss you.”

Damon closes in on him, like he wants to hug him but isn’t quite sure if he would be welcomed. Liam stares at the empty space in the stall where he would be on his knees, rolling up a bill, snorting the last of his stash, and waiting for Bonehead to pick him up. Sometimes he has nightmares about how someday it wouldn’t be enough and he’d give in to something stronger. From there it wouldn’t long before he’d end up overdosing in a stall just like this one. *User, not abuser* his arse.

He grounds himself back to reality. “I miss you too.”

Damon is silent for a while, probably taken aback by his answer. Even Liam’s taken aback himself. He’s shameless when he’s drunk, though, so he just squeezes Damon’s hand. The other man squeezes back and sags against him, tension leaving his body. There is a relieved kiss to the back of his neck. “Okay.”

“How’s Graham?”

“Out like a light.”

“Thought you’d be pissed at me for threatening him and stuff.”

“What difference would it make?” Damon says dryly. “Graham got on people’s face when he’s sloshed so of course he’d get a bloke pushing back at him at some point. It’s just I can’t always be there to stop it.”

Liam stares at the wall across him. “I didn’t actually want to knock him off, you know.”

“I know.” Damon’s reply surprises him. “But you will if he swung first.”

“Would he?”

“I don’t know.” Damon rests his chin over Liam’s shoulder, exhaling tired, hot breath onto the sensitive skin of Liam’s neck. “Maybe.”

They sneak off some corridors that lead to the back alley. Damon hails a cab and the driver stares at them like they have two heads each. Liam really isn’t in the mood so he glares back at the poor driver until he turns his eyes away. Neither of them talks; Liam shaking his legs in agitation and trying not to steal glances at Damon next to him. *I miss you too.*

He doesn’t know why but the first thing he does when they’re safely inside is to make a beeline to the sink, still worrying over the stain on Bonehead’s jacket. Damon watches him struggling with the damn stuck zipper and unopened roll of toilet paper, cursing the whole way. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Cleaning this, this bloody fucking thing. Bonehead would kill me. Fucking fuck.”

The first sign of a smile appears on Damon’s face. “Just put it in the fucking laundry, will you?”

Liam stops. He stares at his hands and to the mirror, straight to his own stupidity. “Fuck.”

Damon laughs at him, stepping into the cramped bathroom along with him. “I’ll help you.” He says, reaching for the stuck zipper. There is a glint on his eyes so of course the poor jacket never saw the laundry basket as promised. It stuck on the bathroom’s floor for the night and Liam forget about it as soon as Damon drags him down to bed with him. Their bodies fit each other just as easily as their fingers intertwine.

He pins Damon’s hands above his head thinking the other man would protest but he doesn’t. His fists clench and unclench in Liam’s grip, in tandem with the snapping of his hips. He doesn’t actually need to hold Damon down since he’s pliant beneath him, surging up to kiss him on anyplace he can reach. But it’s nice to feel his skin and the jutting bones of his wrists, reassuring him that Damon’s *here* with him even when he doesn’t need to. Even when he can choose to spend the night with better companions.

Liam shifts, pinning Damon deeper into the mattress. He changes his pace; pulling out almost completely and fucks back into him hard

enough to make pain and pleasure undistinguishable. Damon's face twists, eyes scrunched shut and he starts trashing in Liam's grip. He arches his back, gasping harshly. "Fuck—"

"You're mine." Liam licks at the shell of his ear, feeling Damon jerks helplessly, toes curling. His grip now is probably tight enough to leave a bruise. "Say it."

Damon ignores him, or maybe he just doesn't hear him. He buries his face into the pillow, biting hard into his already swollen lips to force his low moans back down. Liam let him have his moment before slamming himself in and rutting shamelessly into Damon, dead on where he knows would make him crumble. Damon falls apart at that, neck bared as he throws his head back, sobbing into the bare ceiling.

"Liam! Fuck—yours, *fucking yours*, fuck—"

He doesn't relent until Damon comes with a shout, untouched, almost knocking himself off. Liam fucks him through it and closes his teeth over the tender skin on Damon's neck, biting and sucking hard enough to leave a mark. He comes not long after, knees shaking so hard that he almost falls and stabs his eye into Damon's picture-perfect nose.

Liam rolls over him, collapsing face-first into the mattress. He's still too coked up to pass out so he watches Damon panting next to him, eyes closed and lips parted. There are tear tracks on the corner of his eyes. Liam reaches out and wipes them away.

"The things I let you do to me—" Damon groans and rolls his head aside to look at Liam, blinking his eyes open. His eyelashes are wet from tears. "—not even my own girlfriend can get away with them."

Liam flushes with pride. He leans closer to press his lips against Damon's, pushing his tongue inside. His hand wanders unconsciously until it rests on Damon's neck, over the very bitemark he just gave him. Liam presses his thumb carefully over it, feeling the tender skin hot and fragile beneath his roughened fingertip. Damon hisses at the contact but he doesn't flinch away. Now, Liam doesn't think of himself as someone who's overly possessive but he sure feels like one at the moment; with Damon's lips pressed against his own and his pulses thundering beneath Liam's hand, beneath the mark he left behind.

"If you want to go again," Damon offers as Liam pulls away. Maybe he senses something with the way Liam wraps his hand around his neck, the way he licks into his mouth. "Let me rest a bit. I can't feel my damn legs."

“How old are you, eighty?

“God, you’re such a little shit.”

Liam lets go of his neck and sits on the edge of the bed, reaching for his jeans. He lights a cigarette and automatically hands it to Damon after taking a puff. “Nah, we don’t have to.”

Damon accepts his cigarette and presses a hand to his neck. “*Now* you’re playing the gentleman.”

He sucks on the cigarette and makes a ring out of the dancing smoke. Liam stares at him, thinking about Patsy and how both she and Damon make him feel almost suffocated sometimes. Liam might not be the best partner around but he’s sure madly, helplessly in love with her. If looking at Damon makes him feel the same way as looking at Patsy then it’s only logical that he’s fucking in love with him too. There is no denying that, no tip-toeing around the words and trying to make it matter less. God help him.

Damon catches him staring and smiles around the butt of Liam’s cigarette. “What?”

“Nothing,” Liam says quickly, averting his gaze. He can feel his face heating up.

Damon pushes himself up and wraps a hand around Liam’s shoulder, resting his chin on his shoulder just the way he did few hours ago, kissing the sweaty skin on Liam’s neck. “What is it?”

Liam glances at him before taking the cigarette from Damon’s fingers. His hand shakes a bit as he takes a hurried, deep inhale. It would be oh so easy to give in so he does. “I’m fucking scared, man.”

The words tumble clumsily through his lips, barely louder than a whisper. Damon doesn’t react at all, his breath steady and he continues rubbing comforting circles on Liam’s shoulder. The only thing giving away that he’s taken aback is the prolonged silence before he manages to respond. “Of what?”

“I don’t know.” Liam runs a nervous hand through his hair. “Of you. Of meself.”

He regrets it as soon as it left his mouth.

“Of me?” Damon’s hand stops moving and Liam tenses at that. He

doesn't sound angry, though, just confused. "But why would you—wait, is this about…"

How do you even address something that you couldn't bear being spoken out? Damon trails off, probably unsure himself how to say it. That's fair because the last time he tried to bring it up Liam had told him to shut up. Maybe after he spent hours mulling over it while laying awake on his bed. Then Liam told him right to his face; *cut it off, Albarn.*

"Doesn't feel fucking fair, innit?" Liam grumbles. "Like…like you pulling all the weight."

"Christ, Liam, that's—" Damon holds him tighter, burying his face into the crook of Liam's neck. "—it doesn't matter. I don't mind."

"Bullshit. I saw your face."

"My face?"

"Yeah. When I told you to fuck off." Liam tries to find the right words. "You looked…"

"Well," Damon interjects before silence can slip into the small space between them. "I can live with that, right? Wouldn't kill me. I'm not like, some poor bloke in a Shakespearean play."

Liam frowns, turns his head aside to see Damon tries to suppress a smile. "Huh?'

"What, you never read one?"

"Why would I want to?"

"I was referencing Romeo and Juliet."

"Oh," Liam says lamely.

"Well, the underline is I don't mind. I can live with that."

"Yeah, but I feel bad." Liam tries not to sound like a sulking brat but he still feels like one. "What if…what if I never got around to it?"

"Told you it doesn't matter. Come on, take it easy."

Liam wants to argue but Damon kisses him to silence. That always seems to shut him up just fine and in a way, it's easier to kiss than talk

so he gives in. Damon hums in contentment.

“It’ll work out in the end.” He whispers between the wet kisses to the corner of Liam’s mouth. “You’ll be alright.”

Liam trusts him because he doesn’t see any other option. He takes Damon’s jaw in his hand so he’d stop playing around and kisses him hard in the mouth.

“You’re knackered,” Damon says when they pull away, even though Liam should be the one to say it judging from the dark lines beneath Damon’s eyes. “Go to sleep.”

“I can’t.” Liam sniffs. “Too coked up.”

Damon rolls his eyes, muttering under his breath something that sounds like *I fucking knew it*. He shifts, and Liam is shoved to his back before he can comprehend what’s going on. He jerks when he feels a hand around his cock, wincing a bit at the last trace of oversensitivity from his last orgasm. Damon hovers above him, looking just as exhausted as Liam feels if it isn’t for the playful grin on his lips. He wants to protest—*fuck off, you don’t have to*— but the grip tightens and all he could say is a low, choked moan.

Damon kisses him again; lips swollen and tender. “I’ll help you coming down.”

bring me home in a blinding dream

Chapter Summary

> “I don’t know. Where do you want to go?”
>
> Liam thinks for a bit. “Manchester.”
>
> “Not that far, you absolute twat. I don’t even have a driving license.”

Chapter Notes

> okay this is the longest one so far. i was writing it and i just. couldn't. stop?? and also please stay safe everyone!

Liam wanders into Blur’s dressing room after Oasis performed, inviting himself in through the half-opened door. It looks just the same with their own dressing room, probably with less cluttered mess and scattered cocaine on the floor. He’s looking to annoy Damon but unfortunately—or fortunately perhaps—there is only Graham inside; staring at him from where he’s sitting on one of the chairs.

“Hi.” Liam chirps, surprised despite himself because he had expected the guitarist to hit the pub already. “Nice room you have here.”

Graham doesn’t really keep an eye contact with him, Liam notices. He’ll glance at him, meeting his eyes for a brief second before darting away somewhere else. The floor. The table. His drink. The faded scar on the back of his thumb. He still looks relaxed, though, probably because he’s in his turf. “Didn’t expect you to snoop around here.”

“Who the fuck snooping around anyway?” Liam sits on their couch, trying to decide which couch are better; theirs or his. “I was walking through the front door.”

Graham makes a sound like he’s half-laughing. Maybe he does, Liam can’t see him from where he’s sitting. He looks sober than the last time they saw each other which is not an exceptional accomplishment, really, because at that time ninety nine percent of Britain is practically sober than him. Liam arches his neck to look at Graham behind him, now upside down.

“Proper couch.” He says, after a few moments of silence. “Better than the ones they gave us.”

The guitarist meets his eyes, looking deep in his own thoughts. He looks like he wants to say something. Liam waits.

“Alright, I’m sorry.”

There he goes. Liam keeps his eyes on him. “What?”

“What?”

“I don’t know, mate, you tell me. You said it first.”

Graham makes a quick, shifty face. A kind of nervous tick, probably. “For getting on your face the other day?” He offers.

Liam scratches his nose. “That’s alright. I do that a lot.” He pushes himself up again to inspect the other side of the room, still too pumped with leftover adrenaline to sit still. “I was threatening to bash your head in anyway so we’re equal, right? A dickhead and a dickhead cancels each other out so we’re on the same score here.”

“Well, I kind of deserved it. Just the threat, not the actual head-bashing.”

Liam opens their mini refrigerator and nicks a can of beer. “Can I?” He turns to Graham to show his yield of thievery.

“Go ahead.”

Liam likes Graham, at times he hopes they were better friends than they actually are. He remembers Graham more as the bloke who did lines with him on the table of a radio show he couldn’t remember the name of. Liam had graciously asked, on air, *hey, can I do cocaine first?* Graham then piped up before the flabbergasted host could respond. *Yeah let’s do it.*

So they did, under the host’s disbelieving stare and Damon’s piercing, intrigued one. Then they did another dose together after the interview ended. That was when Liam decided that he liked Graham. Probably liked him better than his blond twat singer and posh insufferable bassist. Their ginger drummer was neat but he didn’t jump to the opportunity of doing coke so Liam mostly ignored him.

Liam pops his can open and raises it to Graham’s face. “We’re good?”

Graham raises his eyebrows and actually smiles at him. Liam considers it a win. He bumps his noticeably lighter can to Liam's still full one. "Yeah, we're good."

Liam smiles back, sips his beer. It tastes like shit. He bears it and wonders if he should ask if Graham wants to do lines with him, for old time sake, but decides against it.

"Are you looking for Damon?" Graham asks suddenly, point-blank. Liam almost chokes on a mouthful.

"No." He lies. Unconvincingly, judged by the face Graham makes. "Well, not really, I mean. Just…just if he's around."

"Is it…" Graham trails off. "Is it bad? The…" He taps the inside of his elbow.

"Uh, maybe. I don't know." Liam shuffles awkwardly. "Sometimes he's pretty out of it, yeah, but other times he's good."

"How often is this 'sometimes'?"

"Often enough." But of course, Liam has a skewed perspective on how much a 'pretty out of it' is. "Look, I don't think I'm the right cunt to ask, you know. Same player, different field. All that shit."

Graham's face turns grim. "Everyone's a player lately, don't you think?"

Liam has a lump in his throat that he can't explain. He looks down at his scuffed shoes. "That's just the way it is, man."

Graham shakes his head, averting his eyes down to his pack of cigarette. There is something about him that screams out resentment. Regret. "It's about to get worse."

///

Damon finds him among busy staffs and barking producers, sliding himself next to him soundlessly. Liam almost have a heart attack when he turns and find him there, silent as a ghost.

"Fuck." He steps away, putting appropriate distance between them. "Jesus, you fucking creep."

Damon looks too coy for his liking. "Graham said you were looking for me."

Fuck. Liam still isn't sure how to act around Damon when there are people around them. Nobody says it straight to his face but there is this unspoken pressure to keep the rivalry going even when there is nothing to fight about. So he's just aloof. "I didn't."

"Keep telling yourself that."

"I will." He raises his chin defiantly. "Fucking watch me."

Damon snorts, then looks away to dig for something from his pocket. He turns to Liam and shows him his open palm. There is a small plastic bag with white, random little tablets inside it. "You want some?"

As always, Liam's intrigued. "Is that—"

"Yeah."

"Don't mind if I do." Liam makes a move to take it but the other man pulls away, grabbing Liam's wrist with his free hand instead.

"Not here." He grins conspiratorially. Liam frowns, feeling like he's somehow being played but Damon already stepping away, dragging Liam with him. "Come on."

He should have yanked his hand away and follow him like any normal person would follow their so-called nemesis; careful, within safe distance, and certainly not on the premise of getting high off some shady tablets from their pocket. Liam doesn't do that, though. He lets Damon lead him through busy corridors and empty halls, ignoring questioning stares from the people they pass by. What a sight, huh. Damon Albarn and Liam Gallagher; hand in hand.

Damon finally leads him into an unused dressing room, turning around to close the door without letting go of Liam's wrist. At this point Liam's already pretty sure he's being played. He yanks his hand off and squares his shoulders up, ready to nag. "What's the fucking point of—"

"You're kind of naïve, you know that?" Damon cuts him off triumphantly.

Liam blinks at him, totally lost. "What?"

"Those are vitamins."

It takes some more time to click in his head and Liam's face burns. He snarls, can't come up with a comeback so he just punches Damon's upper arm. Hard.

"You fucking prick." He says the only thing he could think of, taking in a bit of pleasure when Damon groans and rubs his arm. "You fucking—"

"You wouldn't come with me any other way, would you?"

Liam shoots him a glare. "Well, what the fuck do you want me here for?"

He expects Damon to hit him with a raunchy joke but he just beams instead, and if Liam were being sentimental he would say that it's fucking blinding. A beaming Damon might resembling what an angel looks like if they were capable of being a dumb twat. If they weren't; well, there's your answer on why Damon is on earth instead of dicking around in heaven or something. "Nothing. Just want to see you."

He actually has the decency to look shy about it. It's contagious, apparently, because Liam feels a blush creeping on the back of his neck. "Yeah? Not wanting to get you cock sucked, mate?"

Damon's eyes drop to his lips. It's clear that he's picturing them wrapped around his cock. For his credit, his smile doesn't falter. "No."

Liam pulls him closer by his beady necklace, until their lips brush against each other. He presses his hand against the front of Damon's pants. The blond shivers, eyes falling shut. "You sure?"

"Really." Damon closes the gap between them, kissing Liam with slow, lazy strokes of his tongue. "Just…just want to see you, that's all."

Liam pulls his hand away. "I'm always around, though."

Damon wraps his arms around Liam and buries his face into the crook of his neck. He stays there, breathing hot puffs of air against his skin. Liam automatically hugs him back and for a moment neither of them says anything. Liam tries to match his breathing to Damon's, counting his heartbeats and starts feeling like he might have missed something. He's not high, isn't he? Damon looks sober to him. But of course, Liam could be wrong.

"You okay, mate?" He asks at least. The words feel strange in his mouth; he's not usually the one people go for comfort. Not that he'd

knew what to do in that kind of situation.

There is a few silent beats before Damon pulls away, grinning sheepishly. “Never been better.”

Liam runs his thumb over Damon’s cheek. “You’re a shit liar.”

“Are you doing anything tonight?” Damon asks instead, moving his head so he can press his lips to Liam’s fingers. He kisses them and Liam forgets he’s supposed to dig deeper. *C’mon man, you can talk to me.*

“Not really.”

“Good.” Damon looks satisfied. “I’ll pick you up at eleven.”

///

Damon ends up picking him up a little past midnight, just in time as Liam comes around the corner after a quick run to the nearest convenient store. He squints through the darkened window until Damon rolls down his window, grinning at him and Liam starts laughing.

“Fucking mental, mate.”

“Hop in.”

“Where are we going?” Liam climbs into the passenger seat, running a hand through his hair. It’s longer now, tickling the base of his neck when the breeze blows just right. Sometimes Noel scoffs at him; *you’re gonna let it grow? Like John fucking Lennon?*

“I don’t know. Where do you want to go?”

Liam thinks for a bit. “Manchester.”

“Not that far, you absolute twat. I don’t even have a driving license.”

To the surprise of no one, Damon’s driving is so shit that it’s no wonder he got his driving license revoked. It’s dodgy enough that he managed to get it in the first place. It’s probably a blessing that the road is almost empty at this hour because at least Liam doesn’t need to worry about him running a poor cunt over. He wears his seat belt, though. Just in case.

But soon enough he manages to put the bad driving in the back of his

head and just enjoy the ride. They end up just driving around aimlessly, taking random turns until neither of them recognizes the road they are in. Liam rolls down his window and let the wind breezes in through the open space. It feels good like this; not knowing where they are and not caring about it, aimless but unburdened. Liam can't remember the last time he felt this free; probably at the start of it all, driving back from one of their earliest gig and blew their paycheck on booze instead of petrol. Or maybe even before that; when Noel took him to one of Inspiral Carpet gigs and he found out how easy it was to blend in with the crowd even when Liam didn't like their tunes. The feeling wouldn't last, so Liam clings onto it with every atom of his being; trying to memorize the smell and the sight of it, the way the radio blares a shitty pop song and the sound of Damon laughs at something he said and the taste of tobacco in his mouth. Maybe after all, it doesn't take much to be happy.

Damon eventually pulls aside into a small clearing, stepping into the brakes a little too hard and Liam almost slams his face onto the dashboard. The road's almost empty at that point, Liam can count the number of car they encountered with one hand. "Alright, where are we?"

Liam tries not to show his disappointment. "You want to go back already?"

Damon stares at the stretch of road in front of them, leading to nowhere. Liam knows he still want to go on. "I don't know."

"Well," He rummages through Damon's compartment, shifting through his collection of cassettes to find one that's proper enough. "We can turn around to that petrol station and ask them where the fuck we are. We'd go from there."

Damon turns to look at him. "You're actually talk sense for the first time in forever."

"Fuck you."

"Liam."

"What."

"Remember that radio interview we did? In the States?"

That's the one where he did coke with Graham. Liam doesn't look up but he can feel the heat of Damon's stare on the side of his face. He

could have looked up, met his eyes but something tells him not to. “What about it?”

“Back then, when I was looking at you and—”

“Damn right you were, creep.”

“—I was thinking that I really want to kiss you.”

Liam looks up, trying not to smile around his cigarette. “Yeah? Why didn’t you?”

“I didn’t know you.” Damon leans against his window, putting his chin on his hand. “Didn’t know what you’re into, and you were a, well —”

“I was a *what*?”

“—a kid, basically.” Damon laughs. “A bratty one, at that.”

“I was twenty two, you prick. You’d hardly steal my, my—what’s the word—*virtue*.”

“Do you even have any in the first place?”

“Oi! I was a good kid, me.”

“Liam.”

“*What.*”

“Come here, you good-looking prick.”

“Fuck off.” Liam says, laughing, but he let Damon pulls him into a kiss. He must have tasted like a fucking ashtray but maybe at this point Damon is used to it. Not that he tastes any different, or cares about it. His hand slides to the back of Liam’s neck, the tip of his fingers pressing into his skin. Liam recognizes the desperation in his kiss; the unsaid intention, so he reaches over and grabs his dick through his pants. Damon hums, letting out a soft sight into the kiss.

“All the way here.” Liam taunts, dragging his lips over Damon’s ear. “So you can shag me on the backseat of your fucking car?”

Damon lets out a breathless chuckle. “I didn’t plan to.”

“You sure do, now.”

“Can I—”

“Yeah, you can.” Liam kisses him again, unbuckling his seatbelt. “You fucking better.”

“—no, I mean, I want to… Can I be on top?”

And there’s that. Liam had wondered when and how Damon would ask. He likes to think that he wouldn’t mind that, being the receiving end, but the sudden request still intimidates him now that it’s right in front of his face. Damon must have sensed his hesitation because he pulls away a bit to glance at Liam’s face.

“I mean,” He adds quickly. “Only if you want to. No pressure.”

It could be really good, though, god knows he had shagged Damon more times than Liam can count. Has he ever wondered what it feels like? He has. Does he trust Damon to do it? He does. It shouldn’t be a hard decision, really.

“Alright.” He says, voice light. “Sure.”

Damon doesn’t buy it straight away. “You sure?”

“Yea, I’m fucking sure, mate.”

Liam throws his cigarette out through the window and climbs out before Damon can make him changes his mind. The road is empty, stretched beyond his vision seemingly up to the brightening sky up ahead. He wouldn’t mind keep going forwards, spending another day chain-smoking and enjoying Damon for himself. He’d even tolerated his shitty music taste.

He opens the backseat door, taking a moment to look into the empty seat. That’s where it’s going to happen, right; in the backseat of Damon’s car in the middle of nowhere. Ain’t half bad considering his first time with a bird was in the back alley of a shitty pub they sneaked into. At least he’s sober now.

Damon follows him out. Liam glances at him over the roof of his car. Damon’s looking at him too, like he’s expecting him to say something.

“Right, you know what, I’ll let you know.” He swallows, reluctance hanging on his every words. “I haven’t ever done this before.”

“What, in the car?”

“No, you absolute cow. Taking it up the arse.”

He waits for the teasing but it doesn’t come. Damon looks thoughtful instead. “I’m going to ask again.” He sounds deadly serious, but kind; not impatient. “Are you sure you want to do this? Because I don’t mind the usual.”

The more Damon asking, the more Liam gradually becomes sure. “Don’t chicken out on me now, pretty boy.”

He climbs inside, slamming the door behind him. It’s going to be a tight squeeze in here, especially after Damon follows him inside. Liam moves to start undressing but Damon takes time to kiss him first, pressing him against the door. One second he’s there, kissing him slow and deep then the next second he’s in the next seat, pulling his t-shirt over his head.

Liam pants, a little bewildered. “What’s that for?”

Damon grins but he turns away to hide it. “Nothing.”

Wanker. Liam follows his step, carefully taking his jacket off because it’s Noel’s and throws it to the safety of the passenger seat. He strips down to his underwear, watching Damon reached forward to take something from the compartment. It’s lube, of course, and fuck—this is really happening.

“What?” Damon feels his stare. “Don’t act like you wouldn’t do the same.”

“Whatever you say, Mr. Prepared.”

Damon scoots back, motioning Liam to lay on the seat. “C’mon darlin’, don’t be shy.”

Liam’s face heats up and he reacts the only was he knows how; by stomping Damon on the knee. “Fuck off.”

It’s a cramped and awkward and Liam’s pretty sure half of his muscles would ache in fifteen minutes. He’s naked now, the seat belt buckle digging into his back and he has to shift around a bit to make it less painful, almost kneeing Damon’s groin in the process. The other man hovers above him, trying to find a footing. Liam finally hooks a leg on Damon’s shoulder while the other one dangling on the edge of the seat. He playfully yanks Damon down with his leg and groaning as the twat actually does, almost bending him in half.

“At least you’re not driving.”

“Well.” Liam fumbles and pushes at him a bit. “Do I look like I give a fuck about that?”

“Relax.” Damon kisses him, probably trying to soothe him but Liam hears the sound of plastic package being opened and he tenses. “It’s fine.”

“For you.” He bites back. He’s mouthy when he’s nervous, can’t help that. Damon touches him, jerking him off with slick fingers and Liam closes his eyes, willing the pleasure to take over. He can feel Damon’s other hand hovering around his opening and he flinches before he can stop himself. “Oi, tell me when you’re—”

He’s cut off when Damon’s finger slides inside, just as the words left his mouth. It doesn’t—fuck, it feels weird. Fucking weird. But it doesn’t hurt. Not yet, right? He grits his teeth, trying to keep his voice steady. “Jesus, that feels fucking weird.”

Damon starts moving his finger, in and out. He pulls away, the warmth of his skin’s gone. Liam feels his stare on his face through his closed eyelids. “You good?”

“Yeah.” Damon thumbs the head of his dick, sending sharp ripples of pleasure that makes Liam shudder, breath starts coming out heavier. “Just add another.”

“Easy, now.”

“The faster, the better, right? Just get to the good part.”

“It doesn’t work like that, though.” Damon adds another finger nevertheless, and now Liam starts feeling the stretch. Not much, but it’s there. “It doesn’t have to…you know, hurt.”

Liam blinks his eyes open, meeting Damon’s above him. He remembers them tearing up the first time they ever shagged. “Fuck, Damon, remember when—”

Damon brushes against something inside him, not dead-on but it’s enough to make a moan tears its way out from Liam’s throat. He flushes, scrambling to grab at something and ending up clutching the door handle above his head.

“Remember what?” Damon asks, cocky. He brushes against it again,

purposely missed but the pleasure still makes him gasp. Liam can't help but thinks back to the times he had Damon reduced to a whimpering mess with just his fingers inside him. The thought of all those things in turn being done to *him* makes his stomach clenched involuntarily, heat thick and heavy beneath his skin.

"Fuck," He gasps, trying to turn his brain back on to say something witty. "When—"

Then suddenly it's three—or four or five or one hundreds—the stretch burns but Damon presses on that spot before Liam can respond to the stretch. He cries out, loud in the quivering pleasure, head thumping against the door.

"Shit." Damon hisses, voice strained with arousal. "God, Liam."

Damon's careful, probably more careful than Liam had ever been with him. By the time he actually slides into him, it's torturously slow but relentless, keep going until he's buried to the hilt. Liam can't talk, can't make a damn sound except for the choked sob into the inside of his arm. It's—it's so heavy; the pressure, the stretch, the burn, everything.

"Liam." Damon murmurs, leaning down and pressing their forehead together. "Talk to me."

His voice grounds Liam down, settling everything back into focus. He takes a deep breath and chokes out a laugh. Damon's *everywhere;* inside and outside him. It's almost too much. "—ugh."

Damon whispers into his skin. "Sshh, I got you. It's okay."

"Yeah, just—" Liam takes another deep breath, finally feeling steady enough to meet Damon's eyes. His wrenches his fingers from where they are gripping at the seat and wraps them around the back of Damon's neck. "—too much."

"Tell me when to move." Damon pants. Liam wonders how much he's holding himself back right now. "We're doing it slow, alright?"

Liam pulls him down until he can slip his tongue inside, licking the inside of Damon's lips until he returns the favour, kissing him harder. He has started moving, unconsciously; small rolls of his hips that make Liam's breath catches in his chest. It doesn't hurt—not really—but he's not sure if it's pleasurable either. He digs the heel of his feet to Damon's back, trying to make him moving more because at this

point the lack of friction starts getting into him.

“C’mon, prick.”

Damon laughs into the kiss. “Glad to have you back.”

It takes a while before it becomes good. Liam can’t really move from the way he’s practically half bent against the car seat and it starts becoming a problem when intense, sheer pleasure runs through his body. He twists beneath Damon, panting, throaty whimpers starts spilling from his lips. It seems to spur Damon on because he starts going faster, until Liam has to scramble at the door behind him, seeing stars.

“Feeling good, Liam?” It’s supposed to be a taunt but all Liam can hear is how wrecked he sounds, breath ragged and laboured, like he’s the one getting fucked.

He moans, head falling back. “More.” He manages, barely hearing himself through the blood rushing in his ears. “Please.”

“Look at you.” Damon bucks into him, harder, and Liam actually cries out when he’s shoved into the door. His thighs tremble and every inches of his muscles feel like they’ve turned into rubber. Damon practically pins him there with his weight; he can’t move, can’t get away, but he also doesn’t want to. Not when Damon’s hitting his spot perfectly on every single fucking thrust. “Good fucking lord, Liam, you gorgeous fucking cunt.”

It’s almost funny how those words actually make him feels so adored, so wanted. Liam makes a tortured sound, grimacing when pleasure goes overboard and arousal pooling so tight in his stomach that he can’t breathe. “I’m—fuck—I’m gonna—”

Damon yanks at his hair, angling his head so he can kisses him messily, teeth and all. Liam’s shaking all over, feeling light-headed because Damon’s smothering him and he can barely remind himself to breathe through his nose. He grabs at Damon, fingers pressing bruises into damp skin for leverage.

“C’mon, baby.” Damon wrap a hand around his cock and starts pumping. His pace grows erratic, body tensing and Liam knows he’s close too. “Come for me.”

He only manages a hoarse cry when he comes, vision whitens out and head thumping against the window. His muscles stutter, nerves on

fire, and when his vision gradually comes back to him it's to the sight of Damon breaks apart and comes inside him.

Then, silence. Damon slumps into him, shuddering from the aftershock of his orgasm. Liam has neither the heart nor energy to shoo him away so he says nothing, ignoring the ache in his body. He lets his leg drop from Damon's shoulder, still shaking from the strain. He feels wrecked inside out, floating up and down between post-orgasm haze and impending ache all over his body. Damon's breath is hot and harsh against his neck.

The sun starts rising over the sky; orange bursts of light painting the solemn atmosphere. Maybe it's going to be sunny today, Liam thinks dazedly, or maybe it'll only last for short time before the clouds drown it out. Who knows.

"I don't want to go back." Damon says suddenly, so quiet that Liam almost misses it. It sounds almost like a whimper.

"Me too."

"That makes the two of us."

Liam runs a hand through his hair, over the finger-shaped bruises on his arms. He takes a hold of Damon's chin and makes him looking up. Damon lets him, eyes a brighter shade of blue under the newly gleaming sun light. Liam would kill for a smoke but neither his nor Damon's pack is close enough to grab. He settles on the other's lips instead, on his chin and cheeks and closed eyelids.

"There is still time." He murmurs into vulnerable skin.

Damon smiles with his eyes still closed, a bittersweet one like it's not good enough. "Not a lot."

"Better than nothing, innit."

Damon moves to look away, to bury his face on Liam's chest but he tightens his grip, keeping him in place. He glances at Liam's face and at least, a grin curls at the corner of his lips. "Alright, you're right."

"Of course I am."

"Can we stay like this for a while?"

His back is killing him. Liam wants to knock that grin off his face. In a

loving, non-violent way, of course. He huffs, trying futilely to find a more comfortable position with Damon still draped over him. “Ten minutes. Then I’ll kick your fucking arse.”

what you built you lay to waste

Chapter Summary

> “Hey.” Noel seems to remember something. “You can’t just go and sleep around like a slag if you’re married. You’ve ever thought about that?”
>
> Liam scratches his nose. “Hm.”
>
> “You haven’t, right?” Noel pushes himself up, looking at him amusedly. “At least put some effort to hide it from her, idiot. Else you’d get divorced in two weeks top. It isn’t as simple as breaking up with a bird, you know.”

Chapter Notes

> Alright, this chapter is full of drama. and some mentions of infidelity that i frankly is a bit squeamish about so please beware if you're uncomfortable with that. This story (as in, the whole chapters) is unbetaed so feel free to mention it in the comment if you spot a mistake. I'm also really not familiar with liam and patsy's relationship so i just made shits up as i wrote. At last, remember to stay safe guys! Stay at home, wash your hands, scrub your toes or whatever it is that liam tweeted. Enjoy!

“Do you ever thought—” Damon chews the inside of his cheek, eyes tracing random patterns on the ceiling of his hotel room. “—about, you know, getting married. Settling down. Have a kid or two.”

“Kids?” Liam is too high for this kind of conversation. “I like kids.”

“So you’re going to do it, then?”

Liam glances up at Damon from where he’s resting his head on the blond’s stomach, meeting his eyes. He feels like he’s flying and drowning simultaneously; alternating between the seven skies and seven seas. Damon’s fingers are the anchor—as unreliable as it is—unconsciously dancing among the strands of Liam’s hair. He had never paid any attention to it but Damon seems to like it that it’s longer.

Back to the topic.

“Uh-uh.” He grins between his cigarettes. “She wants me to.”

Damon raises his eyebrows. “That’s it?”

“What?”

“Just because she wants you to?”

“Well, I love her and she wants a ring. What else am I supposed to do?”

The hand in his hair stops moving. Liam arches his neck to see why Damon stops just in time to see a frown quickly vanishing from his face. Damon opens his mouth to say something but nothing comes out so he just closes it again, pressing his lips together. The hand continues.

“When?”

“I don’t know. Just when the time’s right, maybe. Tomorrow? Who know.”

Liam’s neck aches so he turns to lay on his side, that way he can look at Damon without giving his neck a cramp. Damon doesn’t look at him, doesn’t respond to his words and instead staring at the wall across them. Liam has no idea where this conversation is going and can’t bring himself to care. What he knows is that he’s going to worry about this later when he’s sober, laying awake all night next to Patsy and second-guessing what Damon was on about.

“Why, you want to get married?” He finally asks back.

“She doesn’t want to.”

“Oh.”

“Having kids, I mean. Settle down.”

“Well, some birds just don’t want to have kids. Nothing wrong with that. She’s doing great with her band, anyway.”

Damon’s smile is quite sad. “I want to.”

Fuck.

Liam pushes himself up. “Alright, so you want to swap girlfriends with me or what now?”

“Oh, fuck you.” Damon chuckles and yanks at his hair so Liam lays

back down. It's not much but at least his smile isn't as sad anymore. "You're still after her, aren't you, asshole."

"Sure, because it went great for me weren't it." Liam says dryly.

"You were being a cunt about it. What did you expect her to do?"

"I was drunk." Liam protests although he knows it's barely an excuse nowadays. "But hey, I got on your tits, weren't I? So that counts as a win."

"Fuck you."

"Say it one more time and I'll do it."

Damon takes a long, final inhale of his cigarette and stubs it on an ashtray next to it. He yanks at Liam's hair again, positioning his head so Liam is looking at him. "Fuck you."

If Liam were a dog, per as Noel said, he'd be waging his tail. He wrenches himself out of Damon's fingers and looks down at him. "I thought you said you're not in the mood."

"I thought wrong."

"Oh, Damon, darlin'." Liam stubs his cigarette on the same ashtray, next to Damon's squished one. "Imagine if I were your fucking wife. I like kids, I don't mind getting married, and I give you better shags than your girlfriend."

Damon has this confused grin plastered on his face, like he isn't sure what to feel about Liam's joke. Well, maybe it wasn't a well-timed joke, considering their earlier conversation. Liam tries to think of another joke to lift the mood, but his brain is sluggish and in the end it's Damon who saves it. "How do you know you were a better shag than Justine? I never said you are."

"Really?" Liam makes a grab at him, trying to straddle him but Damon bends his legs, closing them together and playfully swat Liam's hands away when he tries to reach him. "What's with all those *ooh, Liam, your cock is so big. Ooh you're fucking me so good, oh please don't stop—*"

"I never said any of those, you twat!" Damon chokes out, face red. He kicks at Liam but he manages to grab one of his ankles and pulls until Damon slides downward over the mattress, his laughter finally sounds earnest enough. Liam squeezes his way between his legs while his

defense is down but he suspects it's just because Damon is letting him.

Liam takes hold of his wrists. "Really? Pretty sure I remember it."

"You don't remember shit." Damon pants, finally letting him pin his hands down. Liam presses him into the mattress, closing his lips over the unblemished skin of his neck. The shakes in Damon's voice satisfies him. "Cunt."

"Excuse me, it's *good-looking cunt* for you mister."

"All talk, aren't you? P—" Whatever Damon about to say is lost to a muffled hum as Liam presses their lips together, feeling the fight slowly leaving his body. Damon is always a pleasure to kiss, so easy to open his mouth and let Liam pushes his tongue in.

He pulls away and gives him a smug smile. "Sorry, you were saying…?"

"Prove it, asshole." Damon licks his lips. Purposely obscene.

"As if I hadn't." Liam snorts but he goes to work nonetheless.

///

Patsy is a moody bastard, just as Liam is and probably that's what bringing them together; apart from Liam's school-boy crush on her and the fact that she likes rockstars or singers or frontmen or whatever it is that she said. It doesn't matter that she's older than him —as Bonehead likes to tease him about—it's actually a good thing because that means she'd know things Liam doesn't. Her eyes are blue and her hair is blonde and she's pretty and when Liam is drunk she almost looks like Damon.

Liam isn't alwayst the best lover around. His mind and body might wander around when they are away from each other. But the thing about her is that when they are together Liam forgets about the hundreds of blonde-haired, blue-eyed beauties that chasing after him, dozens whose phone number he keeps in the back of his mind, and one that sings in a band and lets Liam skim through his notes of unfinished lyrics that's too personal to publish. But hey, that means true love, right?

They're drunk and the grass beneath them smells like rain. The night is warm and Patsy looks up from where she's been snuggling to Liam's chest, her hair tickling his neck. She smiles at him, one that she never

gives to anyone else and Liam is so, so, so in love.

He doesn't remember seeing her mouth moving but he remembers her voice, clear as a day. *So, what do you think?*

Liam doesn't remember answering her either, but he remembers kissing her and hearing his own voice. *Yeah, that's a good idea.*

///

"Remember the first time you bought me cocaine?"

Noel ignores him, strumming away on his guitar. He's like that when he has a melody in his mind that he couldn't pin down yet, or when he thinks Liam is being annoying. It's hard to decide what's what with him nowadays so Liam repeats his question. Louder.

Eventually Noel makes an annoyed sigh. "Not really."

"Huh." Liam rubs a coke-coated finger against his gum, squinting his eyes at his brother. "I was thirteen."

Noel's eyes flicker towards him. He hates it when Liam brings this up, like he thinks it's his fault that Liam is now laying around on his rug, snorting cocaine off his coffee table instead of being a respectable member of society. Too bad Liam would have done coke anyway, with or without Noel buying it for him in the first place. Although to be fair, Noel had quite a lot to do with the generous flux of stash on their seemingly endless tours. So maybe *some* of it is his fault after all.

Sometimes Liam likes bringing that up just to get under Noel's skin. He hasn't kick him out of his house yet anyway so Liam interprets it as a permit to continue.

"I was at one of these raves, yeah? With a mate—Dave, I think. Tried to buy some off this cunt—shifty cunt—now that I thought about it. You caught us in the back alley, screaming your arse off and foaming at the mouth and all. Beat up the poor cunt. Thought you were gonna kill me."

"Thought so too, you moron." Noel bites the bait eventually. "No dealer fucking gave away their goods for free. It's either he was going to mug you, or, well—"

"Or what?"

“—or he was gonna make you pay for it either way.”

“How?”

“By sucking his dick, you cunt. Jesus, Liam, you really just made me say it out loud weren’t you?”

“What’s wrong with saying ‘dick’? What are you, fucking five?”

“That’s not—you know what, just shut the fuck up.”

“But you still bought me coke from that other bloke later on.”

“Shut up, Liam. Man, at least pick something else to talk about.”

“Well,” Liam pushes himself up, propping himself against one of Noel’s fancy couches. “I’m getting married soon.”

“I know. I read the bloody tabloids.”

“Don’t you want to congratulate me?”

“You’re not even married yet. Why would I?”

“I thought you’re gonna…be fucking proud of me, y’know?”

“What, for getting married? Everyone can get married. You’re not special.”

Liam scratches his head. Arguing with Noel is hard when he’s drunk. “Look, Patsy wants to marry me, alright? That’s something fucking special. That means she knows that I’m a…uh, a proper gentleman. She doesn’t want to marry any other cunts, she wants to marry *me*. Me.”

Noel looks up from his guitar, eyebrows so high that it almost disappears into his bangs. “You can’t be stupid and gullible at the same time, Liam. Pick one.”

There is an edge in Noel’s voice that always tips a bit to the depth of cruelty when he’s like this, but not too much so when Liam gets upset he could always backpedal and says that he’s only messing around. Liam’s all grown up now and it doesn’t sting as much as it used to. It still aches, sadly. A dull, barely perceptible ache that would be forgotten comes the next day.

He pouts, pulling at the soft faux-fur beneath him and tries to hide the

disappointment in his voice. “Bet you’ll miss me when I’m away, you cunt.”

“Away? We’re in the same fucking band.”

“Yeah, when I’m busy with my newfound, undisturbable *married* life.”

Noel bursts out laughing.

A laughing Noel means a happy Noel. Liam grins along, doesn’t really care whether Noel laughs at him or with him. He pushes himself to his feet and tackles him down his stool, sending the two of them—along with Noel’s acoustic guitar—tumbling down the floor in a mess of limbs and muffled curses.

“You fucking cunt,” Noel curses, elbowing Liam on the stomach and from there the fight is on.

Despite being a short fuck Noel always has more strength in him than most people expecting. They grapple with each other, knocking over stacks of paper and empty beer bottles until Noel manages to grab a handful of Liam’s hair and presses his face against the floor, pining him down like a misbehaving dog. Liam is too busy laughing to feel the sting of his hair being pulled out. “Admit it, asshole. You’ll miss me.”

“Shut the fuck up. Stop fucking kicking me—”

“Admit it, come on!”

Liam trashes beneath his brother; legs kicking and elbows flying back dangerously close to Noel’s ribs. He can feel him tightening his grip, keeping his head down while his other hand barely catches a flying elbow. He’s pretty sure Noel is laughing too. “Give it up, you moron.”

He manages to elbow Noel hard enough to make him curling over in pain, finally letting him go but not without smacking him on the face first. Liam rolls himself to his back, panting to the ceiling. His face stings and he’s pretty sure Noel yanks some of his hair off his scalp but the comforting heat from Noel’s body next to him is almost enough to make up for it. Almost.

“I think I’ll miss you.” He rubs his face where he’s sure the red mark from Noel’s hand is pretty bright. “If I, you know, ending up busy with my awesome marriage.”

Noel scoffs, still curling up protectively around his stomach. “Pretty sure you’d find a way to bug me still.”

“Don’t be too sure.”

Noel doesn’t look at him. “Maybe I’d miss you too.” He says quietly. A moment passes in silence before apparently he can’t stand it anymore. “But we both know you’d still be around to make me sick to my fucking stomach, wouldn’t you?”

“Fuck off, cunt.”

“Hey.” Noel seems to remember something. “You can’t just go and sleep around like a slag if you’re married. You’ve ever thought about that?”

Liam scratches his nose. “Hm.”

“You haven’t, right?” Noel pushes himself up, looking at him amusedly. “At least put some effort to hide it from her, idiot. Else you’d get divorced in two weeks top. It isn’t as simple as breaking up with a bird, you know.”

Liam kicks him. “Of course I’d take care of it, asshole. I’m not stupid.”

He can tell Noel doesn’t believe him.

///

This is not the first time Liam had come face to face with Justine on his way to see Damon. He knows this time something just went wrong because Justine looks like she is ready to cry instead of giving him a smile that looks like she was about to eat him alive. She grabs him by the arm when they pass each other, her nails sinking into the inside of Liam’s arm.

“I need you to be very honest with me.” She whispers before Liam can say anything. “Can you do that?”

“Alright.” Liam says despite his better judgement.

He thinks he knows what this is about. The only interest he shares with Justine is her boyfriend and Liam really, really doesn’t want to talk about Damon with her. There is an unspoken agreement between them that not in any circumstances they would acknowledge that they are shagging the same twat.

“My agreement with him is that I don’t care who he slept with as long as it’s only physical.” She says slowly, dark eyes boring a hole on Liam’s face. “Do you?”

Liam stares at her for a while. He doesn’t know how truthful Damon is being with her so he steps around her question carefully. “Are you asking me whether I shagged Damon because he’s a good lay or because I want to sweep him off his feet?”

Justine doesn’t answer, only tightens her grip around Liam’s arm.

“Well.” Liam shrugs. “You don’t see me writing fucking love letters to him, do you?”

“Are you?”

“Why would I?”

“Just answer the damn question.”

“No.” Technically, he’s not lying. Liam never wrote any love letters; not to Damon, not to any birds he fancied. He’s never been good with words anyway.

Justine doesn’t say anything but she lets go of his arm.

“What is this about anyway,” Liam glances at the direction she came from, like Damon would suddenly shows up and potentially creating the most awkward three-ways standoff in history. “Are you guys having a quarrel party? Can I join in?”

He sounds like a straight douche. Justine’s lips curl in distaste and Liam doesn’t blame her. He’d punch himself if he were her. “That’s none of your fucking business.”

“Wow, sorry for asking.”

“Good luck trying to shag him. He’s off his tits.”

“On what?”

“God knows what. Ask him.”

“I’m not—look, sorry if I came off as a douche earlier. But if you can’t get him to a fucking mood then neither can I, alright. It’s not a competition.”

Justine doesn't look impressed. "Well, then at least talk to him."

"About what?"

She turns away, jaw set in a tight line. Liam thinks he sees a flash of tears but it's gone by the time she looks at him again. "That he should talk to me instead of fucking off to Iceland. I love him."

Oh, good lord. Liam's not prepared for the sudden show of intimacy. "I'll try."

Justine gives him a look, like she's trying to decide whether he's being genuine or not. He does. She gives him a small smile. "Thank you."

If she does it a few years back, Liam would have swooned. "Right."

He watches her walk away until she disappears behind a turn. At least he met her here and not at Damon's place where they were going at it. He feels like shit. Not enough to call her back and tell her the truth but still like shit nevertheless.

Most of the time he would just invites himself to Damon's place but he knocks this time, hearing muffled sound of movements inside. Damon yanks his door open, coming face to face with him and Liam can tell even from a mile away that he's in a terrible mood. He shoves his hand into his pocket, suddenly hesitates to step a foot inside Damon's flat.

"Hi."

"Hi." Damon offers him a smile but it doesn't quite reaching his eyes. Liam can't tell if it's because he's high or upset or both. "Come in."

"Are you in the middle of something?"

"Yeah, I'm just—" He shakes his head, not caring enough to finish his sentence. "—just come on in."

Damon looks like he's in the middle of packing off his clothes before Liam knocked on his door. He stares at the half-filled suitcase and the crumpled heap of clothes next to it. It's impossible not to acknowledge so he asks away despite already knowing the answer. "Where are you going?"

"Iceland." Damon slams the door closed behind him.

"Oh." Liam says dumbly. "For a gig?"

“No.” Damon walks past him, standing in the middle of his messy flat. “Just…just to get the fuck out of here. This room, this city, this…this fucking soil, it suffocates me, man.”

Liam clenches and unclenches his hands inside his pockets. “A break sounds good. You need it when you need it.”

There goes his promise to Justine. He goes to stand next to Damon, wrapping an arm around his shoulder and joining him in staring at his unfinished luggage. Damon leans into him but Liam can feel agitation thrumming beneath his skin. “Your boys coming along?”

“Haven’t told them yet.” Damon snorts. “But they’re welcomed if they want to.”

“Oh.”

“Do you want me to suck you off?”

Liam blinks. “What?”

“Do you want me to suck you off?” Damon sounds impatient. He pushes Liam’s hand away and turns to face him, like he’s getting ready to get on his knees.

“I don’t want it if you don’t want it.” Liam tries to make himself look and sound as unthreatening as possible. It’s hard because most of the time he tries to make himself the complete opposite. He isn’t sure what Damon wants. “You don’t have to…you don’t have to act like you owe me one, you know. I thought we’re past that.”

Damon stares at him in silence. Then he turns away. “Don’t be nice to me. I’ll cry.”

“Well you can cry. I don’t care.”

“I know. Nobody cares, right?”

Shit. “I don’t care as in, I don’t judge, Damon.”

Damon sinks into one of his couches, running a hand over his face. “I know. Sorry.”

He buries his face into his hands, breathing in deep like he’s trying to calm himself. Liam comes to sit cross-legged on the floor before him, wearily watching the small part that’s visible from his face. Damon rarely gets upset in front of him, and now that he does whatever it is

that he took makes it worse. Dealing with Damon when he's out cold in the floor of his own bathroom is one thing. Frankly, Liam has no idea how to deal with him when he's in the middle of a drug-fueled agitation. It makes him feel bad because Damon always seem to know what to do when Liam is being difficult; drugs or no drugs.

"Do you want me to leave you alone?" He asks finally.

"You can stay." Damon looks up, putting his chin on his hand instead. His eyes are dry. "You said you want to talk."

Liam grimaces internally. "Doesn't seem like the right time."

"Just spill it out." When Liam doesn't respond straight away he continues. "Is this about you getting fucking married?"

Things are going to the direction of a catastrophic disaster, Liam can feel it. He stares at Damon's knee. "Well, kind of."

Damon sits back, spreads his legs a little bit but his posture is anything but relaxed. "Then what?" He asks, still with the too sharp edge of his tone. "You want to…quit?"

Liam rubs his lips, glancing up to meet Damon's eyes. "I don't know."

"Should have thought about it before buying her a ring, don't you think?"

Alright, so Damon's pissed about it. Rightfully so, maybe. Or maybe not. Liam claps his hands together, feeling the tips of his fingers going cold. "I mean…it's kind of sudden, you know? Uh…spontaneous, is that the word for it? We were drinking and—"

"Christ, you were fucking *drunk*?"

"—well, not that drunk." He lies, fumbling uncomfortably beneath Damon's heated gaze. "Anyway, it just felt like the right time and she asked me if we should—"

"Okay, listen." Damon pushes himself forward, leaning on his knees. "I'm just going to be a prick here and say that I don't care that you're married, or engaged, or whatever the fuck you called it. Do you want to keep doing this or not? Isn't that the only thing that has anything to do with me?"

"I don't kn—"

“For fuck’s sake, Liam! Don’t you fucking tell me you don’t know.” Damon snaps.

“I want—I still want you.” Liam stutters a bit, taken aback by the sudden raise in Damon’s voice. “I just…wasn’t sure what you’d thought about it, that’s why I wanted to ask you.”

“You’re only asking me so you wouldn’t feel as guilty as you should when she finds out, right? So you can…” Damon trails off, searching for words. “…share the blame with me.”

“The fuck? No, that’s not—” Damon’s face hardens at his rebuttal, fingers drumming impatiently on his knees. Liam feels the words die in his tongue because at that point he knows Damon wouldn’t listen to him at all. He swallows them back and stands up, brushing imaginary dust from his trouser. “Okay, you’re clearly not in the mood to talk so —”

“Sit down. I’m very much in the mood to fucking talk.”

“I want to talk to *you*, not the fucking drugs.”

“Oh, it’s me, alright.” Damon stands up to his full height, looming over him. “You just couldn’t accept the fact that I might be a little fucking upset about your delightful announcement. Did I even get invited? No?”

Liam takes a step back. “Upset?” He parrots. “Over what? It was just… it was just sex, Damon. What we did. At the end of the day you’d go back to your bird and I’d go back to mine. That’s how it always been.”

“Just sex? Did you even hear yourself?” Damon crowds onto him. There is something unexplainably terrifying in seeing him getting so angry. “Look at me in the eyes and tell me you believe that fucking bullshit you just spat out. C’mon, tell me.”

Liam keeps his mouth shut. He schools his face and forces himself to keep looking at Damon in the eyes. Perhaps he’s getting too comfortable with the part of Damon that looks at how rotten Liam is and still accepts him that he forgets that this side of him exists too. No wonder Justine left looking like the way she did.

Damon’s glare doesn’t let up. “You’re fucking quiet now. Speak up, you’re not mute.”

Liam feels embarrassment flushes hot at the nape of his neck. Well,

sometimes he needs time to formulate words—especially at sudden arguments that he isn't prepared for. Having it spoken out loud gets under his skin like nothing else. "This is just…"

"Well? You're really gonna keep me on my toes all day just for a simple yes or no?"

Suddenly Liam hates him—no, it's not hate; just something close to it. Maybe it's hurt, but you'd never go anywhere in life with hurt so it morphs into anger, as usual. The longer Liam stays in this room, in Damon's line of sight, the more his anger flares. In the end it comes close to hate but there is also fondness living inside it; all boiling hot and directed towards the man before him. It's a confusing mix of feelings, really.

"It's just sex." He insists. "That's what it's supposed to be. What it should have been."

"You didn't answer my question."

"I just did."

"Oh, for fuck's sake." Damon swears in frustration, running a hand through his hair. "You want to play that card? Fine, you bloody hypocrite. Believe it if it makes you sleep better at night but we both know it's not true. You couldn't even admit it after you fucked me six ways from sunday because you thought I was going around calling you a side chick or whatever. Remember what you made me say, Liam? I can say it now too if you want."

Something in Liam's chest constricts. "Shut it, don't fucking—"

"I'm yours, remember?" Damon's eyes scan his face, tired and angry and sad. For a moment Liam can't tear his eyes from them, remembering how pretty his shade of blue had looked like under the comforting warmth of sunshine. In the car. In the middle of nowhere. With his body lazily draped over him like they owned all the times in the world. "I'm fucking yours. You made me mean it. Don't pretend you didn't."

He looks down, closing his eyes. "Damon, please."

"Look at me."

"Alright, but remember what you said afterwards?" Liam bats Damon's hand away when he tries to grasp his face. If he looks at him,

he might say something he regrets. “That you can fucking live with it?”

Damon falls quiet. Liam dares a glance at him and they lock eyes for a moment. Even pissed off and out of his mind, Damon is pretty. Overwhelmingly, heart-shatteringly pretty. Liam wants him even with Patsy waiting for him at home, day-dreaming about the day they walk down the fucking aisle.

“I must have went fucking mental.” Damon shakes his head in disbelief but his eyes are almost tender when they look at Liam again. “Because in the end—after all these shits you fucking pulled—I still fucking love you.”

It stings more than a slap to his face. Liam gapes at him. “No.”

“Oh, you need to hear it again? Here you go. I fucking love you.” Damon’s tone grows forceful again, like Liam’s lack of response angers him. “Just accept it. You don’t even need to say it back, Liam, just fucking. Accept. It.”

“No, no you don’t.” Liam chokes out, hates how shaky his voice sounds. “You didn’t mean that.”

“At least give me this much.” Damon won’t listen to him. Adrenaline rushes in Liam’s ears, past the fight or flight response and his whole body chooses flight. But Damon is right in front of him, getting too close and too overwhelming. “If I were a bird, blonde, a fucking model at that, would you—”

Liam punches him.

He doesn’t mean to, really, all he wants is for Damon to stop talking, or at least to stop himself from hearing it. He feels the impact on his knuckles, climbing up his arm, and the next thing he knows Damon’s head is snapped aside. He stumbles a few steps away before regaining his footing, a hand coming up to cover his mouth but Liam’s pretty sure he sees blood.

“Fuck.” He stammers, stepping in to see the damage but Damon flinches away, putting a hand up to keep Liam at bay. “I’m sorry—fuck, let me see it. I swear, Damon, I didn’t mean to.”

Damon straightens himself, finally pulling his hand away. Liam must have hit him somewhere around his mouth because that’s where the blood is. He looks down at the red that must have stained the inside of

his hand, face frighteningly calm. “Alright, I get it.”

“That’s not—”

“No, really. It’s okay, Liam.” He staggers back into his couch, slamming himself down on it. “Just…just leave me alone, okay?”

Liam barely hears him. “Fuck, I’m sorry, okay? Let me—”

“Look, I get it. It’s okay.” Damon doesn’t look at him. “I get it. Now please get the fuck out of my place.”

Liam stares at him, rooted to his spot. He has a sinking feeling that if he leaves right now he’d never see Damon again. That’s not what he wants, selfish as it is. But there is nothing left to be done and even if there is he doubts Damon would let him.

He takes one look at him, hoping somewhere in his chest that it wouldn’t be the last, and leaves the room.

stop crying your heart out

Chapter Summary

> “I didn’t call you, did I?” It’s meant to be a rhetorical question but apparently it awakens some distant, drunken memories that make the alcohol in Liam’s stomach turn into ice. “Wait. I didn’t, right?”

Chapter Notes

> alright it's done. can't believe this supposed one-shot turned into an almost 30k words vomit. enjoy nevertheless!

It’s two in the morning and Liam is drunk. He is also very, very afraid.

There is quite a long list of things that he’s afraid of; ghosts, the pulls on the corner of his mother’s lips when she’s sad, mice, cricket bats. Right now he’s afraid of the feel of a cheap plastic phone that he holds against his ear. Of the numbers he just dialed. Of the automatic, continuous rings that crawl through his ear and into his brain, echoing loudly until that’s all Liam can hear.

He’s afraid of the despair in his chest that feels like it’s going to last forever, for eternity and beyond. Right now it’s squeezing the life out of him in a ragged, difficult drag of pain or maybe he’s just having a heart attack. Maybe he’s going to die and the despair still wouldn’t stop.

The voicemail greeting. *Hi, this is Damon Albarn. I’m currently unreachable so please leave your name, phone number, and messages and I’ll call you back soon.* Yeah, he’s afraid of that too.

Next on the list is his thoughts. Like this one; *I’m sorry I punched you, yeah? Didn’t mean to, doesn’t mean to—fuck, do you think I’m becoming my old bastard? That was what he always fucking ramble on and on and on but it was a fucking lie, you know? But I’m not lying, I’m not him.*

Or this one; *feeling like a fucking shite now. Can’t fucking breathe. Do you think I should stop with the booze? I’m boring without it though, and if I’m boring people wouldn’t like me. Plain old William.*

And this one; *I miss you. Why don’t you ever fucking say anything? Like me fucking brother. Anything, like, ‘fuck off Liam, I fucking hate you’ at*

least that's something. But you've gone fucking silent and well I've gone silent too but it's you who wants me out of your life so you have to speak first I think. I miss you and I wish you were fucking here so I can kiss you and say how fucking sorry I am.

In the end, the temporary bravado vanishes into the thin air. Liam puts the phone down and scoffs to himself. *Fucking coward.*

///

At a certain time during a promotion, the row of interviews just feels like similar questions with different faces. This one hasn't even started yet but Liam is bored already, slouching in his chair with Noel and Bonehead bickering on either side of him. He wishes he had convinced Guigsy to share his stash with him last night so he would have an excuse to skip this whole pointless interview. *I'm going to fucking puke my guts out, Noely, you don't want that on camera, do you.*

But he didn't, and so here he is. The reporter is ready, just waiting for the camera to roll. He has somehow spent the last fifteen minutes making eyes at Liam, probably thinking he's too knackered to notice. But Liam does notice, and although most of the time he doesn't mind it gets on his nerves this time. He stares back unflinchingly until the reporter's face grew red and he looks away, pretending to fix his cue cards. It's also just now that Liam noticing something.

"You kind of look like Damon Albarn, you know." He says loudly; his first words since they entered the room, snapping everyone's attention to him. Liam makes a point to keep his eyes on the poor cunt until everyone realizes who he's talking to. "That fucking twat from Blur, you know him?"

The reporter stutters, glancing at the cameraman next to him. "Well, not directly, you see. But I have heard that he's not bad to work with."

"Nice." Liam leans back in his chair. "I fucking hate him."

Bonehead gives him a questioning look. "He doesn't look like him. Just the hair, maybe."

"Yea, that's…that's part of why he looks like him."

"Did you went blind just now? He's not."

"Well," Liam scratches his nose. "He does and I'm not answering any fucking questions from a fucking Damon Albarn look alike."

The reporter pales. When these things are over and Liam is back to his usual self, he probably would felt sorry for him. Noel chuckles, taking a gulp from his can of beer. He must have been in a good mood today because he still sounds cheerful. “Don’t mind him. He’s just pissed.”

Liam hasn’t even finished his third can of the day. He’s pretty much sober. “I’m not.” He protests. “And I’m fucking right. He looks like him.”

“Maybe if you can pull your head out of his arse long enough, you can see that they’re not fucking similar,” Noel says, a hint of warning in his voice.

Liam grimaces and falls quiet. He still has no idea how much Noel knows about him and Damon and—if he really does know—what he thought about it. He’d talked about the birds he shagged just fine with him, embellishing things a little—or a lot—but when it comes to shagging blokes Liam suddenly went mute. Especially if that bloke is Damon. He swallows and looks down at his hand, picking at his knuckles.

The reporter laughs nervously. “Maybe we can—”

“Whatever,” Liam mutters under his breath, feeling the dark clouds of moodiness start gathering in his mind. He stands up, feeling the anxious eyes of the whole room following his movement. “I’m not doing this fucking interview.”

Bonehead pulls at the hand of his jacket. “Oi, we were just messing around. He does look like him a bit. Where are you going?”

Bless him. Not that Liam would ever admit it himself but sometimes he thinks his life might be a little easier if Bonehead were his brother instead of, say, Noel. Mostly because the stick in his arse is shorter than the one in Noel’s arse. He loves Noel, he really does, but sometimes—especially when he was younger—Liam daydreams about pawning him for booze.

“Away.” Liam snaps and pulls himself off the guitarist’s grip. He swipes his eyes over the gawking staff, challenging them just in case some cunt would try to step up and tell him off. “I’m off to get pissed.”

“Just let him be.” He hears Noel’s voice when he’s halfway outside. Liam still can hear the leftover laughter in it. “It’s his time of the month.”

The detachment in his voice brings a very distinct kind of loneliness. Liam's steps halt a bit in the busy hallway, blocking hurried footsteps behind him. He guesses he could always go back, apologize and admit that he was being an arse, *then* he could be on Noel's good grace again. But it's never guaranteed and while it costs nothing in check, it costs a lot in pride. Liam doesn't want to risk it.

He turns back to see the bewildered face of their tour manager going after him. He's new and for sure isn't prepared to handle them when shits hit the fan. Bonehead had already made a bet that he'd quit after this tour. Liam likes him well enough, mostly because he doesn't have the spine to stand up to him.

"Oi, you know any pub open around here?"

///

The pub, as he finds out, isn't as crowded as Liam thought it would. The bartender only stares at him for approximately ten seconds but quickly catches himself before Liam can snap at him. Their tour manager tries to make him promise not to wander around and make troubles as if Liam needs a leash to be able to sit still. Liam tells him to fuck off and he does it a little more happily than he should be. Bless him.

A few hours later Bonehead slips into the seat next to him. "Are you done sulking?"

Liam, to the surprise of even himself, isn't blackout drunk yet. There is a local band playing and they are unexpectedly good; enough to distract him from gulping down his drinks at lightning speed. By now the alcohol has considerably improved his mood so he just grins at the teasing. "I wasn't sulking."

"Well, what was that then?"

Liam shrugs and pushes his pack of cigarettes towards the guitarist. Bonehead takes one and steals his matches. "Where are the others?"

"At the hotel. I was going to bed before someone reminded me that we got a misbehaved pup stranded here all alone."

Liam scoffs. "Oh, fuck off. I don't need to be looked after."

"I know. Your friend thinks otherwise, though."

“Who?”

Bonehead gives him a long, scrutinizing stare. “Didn’t you call him over?”

“*Who?*” Liam presses but then he’s distracted by someone coming up to the other side of him. He turns his head, annoyed at the thinly-veiled ear dropping, and—

“Well, that’s what he said.” Bonehead throws up his hand. “I’m not taking a side in whatever daft shit you both have in hand.”

Damon’s smile is sickeningly sweet. “Thank you for bringing me here.”

Liam stares at him, making sure than this is really *that* twat and not some reporter that looks like him. Then he looks at his visibly confused guitarist. “Bonehead, you daft cunt.”

“Oi, I’m not taking a side, alright? Just helped a lad out. I’m off now.”

“You’re leaving me? With *him*?” Liam can’t deny the nervousness that’s dripping from his voice. “And here I thought you were checking on me out of the goodness of your heart.”

“Listen, Liam.” Bonehead claps his face with both hands. “You were right. I did drag my arse here because I’m a good person. But so is our friend here. Goodnight. Try not to get mugged, okay?”

He ruffles Liam’s hair and climbs down the stool, throwing a salute at Damon. Liam watches him sauntering away in disbelief, feeling betrayed and giddy at the same time. Soon enough he forgets about Bonehead, when the unmistakable feeling of Damon’s stare on the back of his head becoming too much. He stares back at him.

“You cut your hair.” Damon says.

“Yeah.” Liam raises his eyebrows. Two months, and that’s the first thing Damon said to him. *You cut your hair.* “Got sick of the old one. You don’t like it?”

Damon looks down at his hand. He hasn’t sat down yet, just leaning on the table like he doesn’t plan on staying for long. Usually Liam would just yank him down and said *sit down, would you* but he isn’t sure if he could do that now.

“I like it.” Damon eventually says, so low that Liam almost misses it.

Now that he's *really* looking at him he realizes that Damon actually looks nervous. He didn't look like that back when Bonehead was around.

"I didn't call you, did I?" It's meant to be a rhetorical question but apparently it awakens some distant, drunken memories that make the alcohol in Liam's stomach turn into ice. "Wait. I didn't, right?"

Damon stares up at him, batting his eyelashes a bit in confusion. It's not intentional but it still makes something clenches in the pit of Liam's stomach. "Actually, you did." He says. "You probably didn't remember. You sounded pretty smashed."

Oh. Oh, fuck. Liam feels the sharp claws of terror gripping the back of his neck. "Fucking hell. But I didn't…I didn't say anything, right?"

Damon gives him a sympathetic, almost pitying smile. "Well, to be honest…you did."

Liam groans and buries his face into his arms. "Fuck me."

"It wasn't that bad."

"Says fucking you."

"Really. Got me changing my mind a bit. So here I am."

Liam straightens himself again, giving Damon a look. "You came here because of that fucking call?"

"Not only for that." Damon doesn't look at him. "I… I don't want you to think that I hate you. And well, to be honest, I miss you."

Liam clenches his fingers around his glass. His chest is tight with something he can't explain. Guilt, maybe. Love.

"Hey, Damon." He waits until Damon meets his eyes again. "Look at me. I'm a fucking shitshow. If you want to get rid of me and move on with your life then you should do just that. Never mind what I said. I'll just—as you said—fucking live with it."

For a second Damon looks like he wants to cry. But he doesn't, bless him, because hurting him once more is the last thing Liam ever wants to do. Instead, he steels his jaw and says. "We need to talk."

Liam almost doesn't believe his ears. Damon is either a proper dumbass or a fool in love. "Yeah, that didn't end well the last time,

did it."

"Better than talking here."

"Go home, Damon."

"Hey." Damon reaches out and grasps his hand, right here in the open where people can see. His hand is as rough and warm as Liam remembers. "Give us a chance, yeah? Please."

Liam wonders if Damon realizes that the hand he's holding is the same hand that struck him on the face two months ago. He switches his eyes from their interlacing fingers and to his face, noticing with relief that his punch doesn't seem to leave a mark. "You can't just go to a pub and hold a random bloke's hand. Might meet the wrong kind of people."

"But you're not the wrong kind of people, right Liam?"

This is still a bad idea, but Liam is slowly losing the fight with himself. Temptation is his vice and Damon is the biggest one of them all. He pays and follows the other man outside, finding him standing on the sidewalk.

"Where are you staying?"

Damon nods mutely to a tall building; another hotel not quite across the road from the one they are staying at. A silent agreement falls between them before they start heading towards the said building. In a way, the short walk feels exactly like the first time they both agreed to sleep together; unreal and tasted like both anticipation and bad decision.

Liam hesitates when they reach Damon's floor, just as the other man takes the first step out of the elevator. He looks back at him, half outside and half inside. This is his last chance, Liam thinks, to push Damon out and close the sliding door, riding it back to the lobby and to his own hotel room, pretending they never met at all.

Damon wouldn't let him. He steps back in and refuses to move until Liam does. "Come on."

"This really feels like a bad fucking idea." Liam tells him but his feet still carrying him along with the other man. Damon, on the other hand, looks quite sure.

“Stop saying that. You’ll jinx it.”

Liam comes to a realization, as Damon stops in front of a room and fishes around his pocket for keys, that maybe years ahead there would be random things in life that would always remind him of Damon. Blond lads giving him eyes. A single cigarette being passed around. Random, non-distinctive hotel rooms. The smell of his shampoo when they lay close to each other.

He steps inside before he could think, staring at the darkened room. Damon turns on the light and as usual, it’s just another indifferent, impersonal hotel room that Liam had been getting sick to death for the past month or so. It’s better this way, probably, making it less personal. Less painful.

“Can you do me a favor?” Liam turns around to Damon locking the door. The sight of him makes him feel somehow weak. Liam was right the first time he thinks Damon is too nice for him, should have listened to the gut feeling instead of going along with the dazzling smile and pretty eyes.

“What is it?”

Liam raises his chin. “Punch me on the face.”

Damon is quiet for a moment, eyes widen in disbelief. “Look, you don’t have to do this. I forgave you already.”

“I don’t feel forgiven.” Liam tries to explain. He doesn’t know whether he makes sense or not. “Well, I don’t feel like I *deserve* to be forgiven.”

“But—”

“This is just…the way we do it, yeah? Sometimes. Me and our kid when one of us crossed the line. Always did the trick.”

Damon looks at him for a long time, doesn’t say anything. Then he raises his hands and Liam thinks with relief, *this is it*, but Damon only opening his arms like one would to a kid asking for a hug. “Come here.”

Liam looks away. It’s funny how a simple gesture can make his eyes sting. “No.” His voice breaks. “You don’t get it.”

He gets Damon. He gets it that when Damon said that he had forgiven him it doesn’t only mean the punch. That’s just the way Damon is. It’s

just that Liam isn't sure if he makes himself clear enough that he also doesn't only apologize for the punch. If Damon gets it, he's for sure wouldn't have forgiven him so easily.

"No, I get it. It's okay." Damon insists, still standing there with his arms open. It's the same thing he had said the last time Liam saw him yet feels completely different, completely on a different spectrum. Something in the way Damon looks at him tells Liam that he really *does* get it. "Come here. I miss you."

Liam keeps his mouth shut and this time it's not because Damon is furious. He steps closer to the other man, then closer still until he can feel the warmth radiating from him and the smell of his aftershave and the solid weight of his skin and muscles and bones; the realness of it. He waits for Damon to push him away and laughs on his face, to tell him that this is all a joke, but he only wraps his arms around Liam's frame and something inside Liam breaks. He sobs.

"Hey, it's okay." Damon murmurs into his ear, arms tightening around him. "It was also my fault, yeah? I was off my head. I'm sorry too."

He's dead wrong if he thought that would get Liam to gather himself together. His arms have wrapped themselves around Damon, bringing him impossibly closer. He's whispering sweet nothings in his ear, Liam realizes, although he could barely hear it through the soaring emotions in his chest. Another sob wrenches its way out his chest, then another, and another, until suddenly Liam is full-on weeping into his shoulder. His knees give in and he crashes into Damon, sending them tumbling back against the door. Damon's back hit the door, squashing Liam's arms in the process but he barely feels it.

"I'm fucking sorry. I—." Suddenly it feels so easy to say it, to admit it, to form the words around his tongue and Liam gives in, fully knowing there is no turning back from it. "—I love you, god, I really do. I love you so much."

"Wait, are you—" Damon's voice shakes and maybe he's crying too, maybe forcing himself to swallow down his own sobs because Liam is the one who crumbles first. "—I love you too, you cunt. Fucking hell, I love you too."

Liam hasn't cried openly like this since, well, forever. Since their Da, at last, had left them alone with his big, bruising fists. Noel had hugged him, broken and bruised, had made Liam looked into his blackened eyes and made him promised. *You don't cry like this to any*

other cunt except me, okay? Because they'd fucking step on you and there no coming back from that, you hear me, Liam?

But Noel isn't here right now and Liam hadn't been the one being left with a bruise after all. He doesn't know how long he cries his eyes out but he can't stop. Perhaps it's a lifetime worth of tears that he had made himself holding back all these years, finally spilling over the edge and just refusing to stop. Damon doesn't say anything, just rubbing comforting circles on his back and Liam hates and loves him for that. When the sobs finally slowing down he realizes that they are both now sitting on the floor; Damon leaning against the door and Liam curling up to him, refusing to let him go. He has to force himself to pull away and sit next to Damon instead, their thighs touching.

"Fucking hell." Damon says to one in particular and Liam has to agree.

He must have cried too at some point because Liam can still see the traces of it on his face. The shoulder of his shirt is damp also. Liam wipes the remaining tears from his face, suddenly embarrassed now that the overwhelming surge of emotion is gone.

"Do you mean it?" Damon asks suddenly, head thumping against the door. "Or was it just a spur of the moment kind of thing?"

"I mean it." Liam turns his head to look at him, knowing he must have looked like shit but couldn't care less. They look at each other for a few quiet moments until Liam has to look away. "I'm sorry I ruined your jacket."

"It's okay." Damon sniffs. "It's waterproof."

Liam barks out a hoarse laugh. "Fuck off."

Damon dares a hesitant grin along with him. This feels good; seeing the smile on his face. Familiar. Easy. A part of Liam wishes he could see it for the rest of his life.

"Can I ask you something?"

He might regret this later but Liam is too exhausted to care. "Go ahead."

"Would you ever—" Damon trails off, nervousness hanging on his every word. "—would you ever plan to…cut me off? Somewhere in the future?"

“I don’t want to.”

“Then don’t.”

Liam glances at him, taken aback with the sudden fierceness in his voice. Damon has this particular kind of desperation in his voice that he doesn’t want to question. So instead he just leans forward and kisses him on the corner of his mouth. “Okay.”

Damon chases after him when he pulls away, begging for another kiss and Liam could never deny him so he let Damon drags him into another one. “You promise?”

“I promise.”

Yet Damon’s kisses are kittenish at best, like he’s unsure of the sincerity of Liam’s answer. Liam grabs him by the back of his head and kisses him harder, properly, chasing away his doubts. This is one of the rare times where he really, *really* means what he said and he’ll be damned if he doesn’t make it clear.

Damon is panting by the time they break away. “You mean this one too, right?”

The irony of these is that the one time Liam promises both himself and his partner something like this, it’s to the bloke he’s going to cheat on his soon-to-wife probably for as long as their relationship lasts. Just another cruel joke the universe apparently thinks is funny.

“I mean it.” The end of his sentence hangs and Damon expects it, waiting for it. There is no point hiding it now, not after they show each other a part of themselves that shouldn’t be seen. Liam licks his lips, reluctantly dragging the words out. “But—but you’d never be—”

“I know.” Damon cuts him off quickly like he can’t bear it. “Should have…realized it from the start but yeah, I know.”

There is another way, one that Liam knows himself isn’t brave enough to do and he knows Damon feels the same. He lets it being left unsaid, sparing them the anguish. Damon goes back to stare at his hands, traces of his smile gone so Liam presses a long, open-mouthed kiss on the side of his neck. It’s more of an apology rather than a suggestion but Damon shivers, unconsciously arches his neck to give Liam more access. A hungry, possessive part of Liam cheers and he sucks on the skin slowly, feeling Damon’s breath hitches helplessly.

“You miss me, huh.” Comes the awaited response. When Damon finally looks at him again Liam knows right away that he wants it. Him. All of him.

“Yeah.” He pulls away, willing a cocky grin into his face. He’s well-trained by now that it comes easily. “In more than one fucking way, apparently.”

The corner of Damon’s lips twitches and he looks almost shy like he just met Liam all over again. “Bed, then?”

Liam feels almost awkward when they both get to their feet. How do you approach a fucking shag after you both bawling your eyes out? But then Damon leans down to kiss him and Liam remembers how much he had gotten used to Damon; his body, his movement, and he goes along with the flow. His bed is in complete disarray like Damon just dumped his whole luggage on it before going out to con Bonehead.

“Yeah, sorry about this.” Damon stops kissing him in order to dump his scattered clothes to the ground. “Left my ID in my pocket. Forgot which one.”

“Wanker.”

“Yeah, let’s see how tidy your room then, arsehole.”

He turns around to face Liam again and Liam takes the opportunity to push him onto the mattress. Damon goes down without a fight, the strain in his smile crumbles. Liam stares down at him, undressing him with his eyes.

“Haven’t taken my clothes off yet, you impatient bastard.”

“You ran your mouth like you’re gonna do a fucking striptease.”

“Maybe.” Damon hooks his leg around Liam’s hip and tries to drag him down to bed. “But since I’m laying down already you don’t get to watch.”

“What song are you going to dance to, fucking girls and boys?”

“Still a cunt after all those tears, huh.”

“Ooh, a low blow.” Liam crawls on top of him, standing over Damon on his knees. “Might get you in trouble later.”

“Still all talk, also.” Damon reaches out for Liam’s belt, dutifully undoing it. “Come on.”

Liam takes a hold of his hands, halting his motion into a stop. “Hey, you’re going to tell me if I’m hurting you, yeah?”

Damon stares at him. “Sure.” He replies, confusion etched on his face. “But why?”

“Nothing.” Liam lets his hands go. “Just…remembering something. The first time we did it.”

“And?”

“Well, you were…tearing up? And I felt bad about it. Still is.”

“I did?”

Liam smacks his cheek lightly. “Yes, you did, dumbass.”

Damon grabs his hand, pressing a kiss to the back of his palm. He had done it maybe a hundred times before and still makes something tingles in Liam’s chest. “I’ll stop you if it’s too much but sometimes a bit of pain is…you know, good.”

Liam tries not to show him that the new information is going straight to his cock. He fails miserably, judging by the smirk on Damon’s face. “Okay. Whatever.”

“You’re cute when you’re blushing, you know.”

“Fuck off.”

They go slow, or rather, Liam goes slow. Damon gasps and pulls at his hair, urging him to do something, anything, but Liam takes his time running his tongue and hands over the most sensitive parts of his body. Damon probably isn’t used with Liam being slow, being patient, sucking and tugging on his skin until he’s cussing him out beneath breathless groans. He nearly sobs with relief when Liam finally leans back to open the tube of hand lotion he had handed—*forced*—to his hand. That relief is however short-lived.

“C’mon man,” He pushes himself shakily on his elbows, cock hard and leaking. His hand is clasped on Liam’s hair, neither pulling nor pushing like he can’t decide whether he wants Liam to stop sucking bruises on his inner thigh or not, three fingers deep inside him. “Need

you, yeah? Fucking need you in me, come on."

Liam's brain misfires and now he thinks with his cock. He gives one last bite on the inside of Damon's thigh, making him shout before slicking himself up and positioning himself. It's a tight fit—always is—and Damon scrunches his eyes shut when Liam slides himself in, jaw tensing and breath halted in his chest. He keeps going until he can't anymore, until he's seated so deep that Liam wonders if Damon can feel him on the back of his throat. He waits until Damon starts breathing again, until he relaxes and eventually letting Liam moves inside him.

"Move." He gasps.

"Why, you're in a hurry?" Liam leans down and breathes into the shell of his ear. He must have brushed against his prostate when he moves because suddenly Damon arches his back, mouth going slack. "Got a gig to do instead of laying around getting railed by my cock?"

"Fuck." Damon whimpers, his body clenching tight around Liam.

The pressure is too much and Liam gives in, starts fucking him in the earnest. Damon wraps his arms around Liam's neck and buries his face there, taking everything Liam is giving him. He can't see his face but he can feel his labored breaths, his muffed whimpers, words so obscenely dirty and spoken so low Liam would have missed it if Damon weren't saying it right next to his ear. Damon comes first; the friction of their stomachs gets the better of him and he spills messily with a shout, clutching at Liam's hair.

"Come on." He stutters when Liam starts quickening his pace. His pupils are blown behind sweat-drenched bangs, drunk on pleasure, and that's one of the prettiest time Liam has ever seen of him. "Ah, fuck, c'mon, *in me*—"

Liam spreads his legs more and slams in for one last time, crushing him to the mattress. He can feel Damon's spent body shaking when he comes, fingers gripping the back of his knees so hard they might leave a mark. Another collection to add to the dozen Liam had left on his chest and neck. On his hip and thighs. Anywhere he knows that would make Damon submit to the pleasure.

He lets Damon's legs drop, running his lips over the hickeys on his inner thigh. Damon laughs weakly and swats him away. "Stop, you horny dog. 's too much—"

“You okay?

“Yeah. You?”

Liam pulls out slowly and Damon whines at the drag of his cock. He’s always delightfully sensitive after his orgasm. “Never been better.”

Damon cradles the side of his face and coaxes him down for a kiss. Tender. Liam lets himself think that maybe after all he can have a little bit of these stolen moments of affection that Damon gives him. Maybe he deserves them a little. He hopes this thought wouldn’t leave him tomorrow.

“Say it again.” Damon says suddenly, murmuring into the corner of Liam’s mouth. “That you mean what you said. All of it.”

His hands are shaking so Liam eases himself down, laying on his side so he can still see Damon's face. “I mean it. Swear on me life.”

Damon shifts to look at him better. “Thank you.”

Liam feels small under his eyes. “I’m sorry that’s all I can give.”

“Don’t be.” Damon offers him a smile and Liam has to stop himself from hugging him, from gathering him in his arms and never let go. “You give me just as much as I give you.”

That’s actually fair. Liam smiles back, feeling a burden is suddenly lifted from his shoulders. “You talk sweet, don’t you.”

“Only to the boy I fancy.”

“Oh, I bet you say that to everyone else.”

“Yeah? Like who?”

“Like me.”

Damon pushes him to his back, propping himself on his elbow so he can hover above Liam. “Fucking brat.”

“Yeah, but you love me.”

“Oh, I do.” Damon’s eyes are solid on Liam’s own, unyielding. Liam stares back at him, knowing fully what he’s going to say in his next breath and let himself get used to it. “I do love you, you bratty cunt.”

Hearing it makes him happy, Liam realizes, makes him so happy that he feels like he could fly high around the stars and give them a finger. He can't help the grin that's spread wide on his face, one that's mirrored on Damon's face. "Yeah, I love you too, you dumb twat."

fin.

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